

## Tongue Tied

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## Tongue Tied

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### Summary

Three idiots in England.

One realizes he has fallen head over heels in love.

The second thinks he's going to go crazy if he keeps getting splitting headaches.

And the third is so done with the other two's shit

Or, the Dream team flip things on their head and end up in England. Dream is a lovesick fool and George is dumb

### Notes

Every title is a song that inspired the chapter. We threw this together out of boredom and look where we are now, posting this for some reason. This is heavily inspired by Heat Waves and Lighting in A Bottle by tbhyourelame and genofeve. If the cc's involved in the story are uncomfortable we'll be able to remove it. Just to mention, the characters in the story aren't the real people it's only their personas

The first chapter is based off the song Enjoy the Silence by Depeche Mode  
Anyways uhhh enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Enjoy the Silence

## Chapter Summary

Dream gets a headache.

### **Dream was slain by GeorgeNotFound using Dream Catcher**

George let out a shriek of victory, and the mic peaked. Dream sat back in his chair letting out a soft sigh. The lowering of the sun outside his closed window covered his room in a dark blanket. Excluding the glow from the monitors in front of him, the room became unsettlingly dim. Dream couldn't be bothered to turn on the lights.

"How does it feel to be a loser?" George teased, his British accent drawing out the o's. His voice was still raised an octave higher as he spoke, sounding as if he was letting out the breath he was holding while they fought.

Out of the corner of his vision, Dream could see George's blocky avatar bouncing around him, parkouring on every surface possible in the empty field. The steady blue glow from the screen shined brightly, dotting his vision. Dream ignored him and shut his eyes. He just wanted to relax for a moment and get his eyes off the screen.

"Hello? Dream? I'm asking you a question," George asked curiously at the lack of response. There was a slight hint of worry in his tone, but he kept up the bit nonetheless, most likely for his viewers. He had told George about his headache problems before, it didn't happen often, but staying glued to his seat staring at his screen all day would often cause him a mild migraine.

Dream was vaguely aware George was streaming, but he could care less. His head began to swim, this was the calm before the storm, and he was well aware that it was only going to get worse if he kept talking to George.

"It's nothing, it's just that staring at the screen can hurt my eyes sometimes, I just need a second," Dream explained, letting his head rest heavily against the back of his chair and muting his mic. George let out a small noise of acknowledgement and went back to his stream, deciding against making fun of his friend so as to not bother him more. Dream let out a sigh of relief when he heard George talking to the stream again as usual. He was happy he wasn't going to interrupt the stream with his poorly timed migraine.

He opened his eyes slightly to look up at his ceiling fan that was spinning in it's constant motion. The headache was starting to dwindle, although the throbbing still caused his head to pound slightly. He could faintly tell that time was passing, but he didn't feel like moving out of his stuffy room.

He focused on Georges talking. His breathy laughs became a gentle fuzz in the back of his mind, a pleasant static that kept him company. Eventually, he heard George do his outro, laughing at something the chat said before ending the stream. Even still, he kept his eyes shut as his arms

stretched up to rest crossed behind his head.

“Dream!”

“What? What is it?” Dream quickly unmuted

“Are you okay? You went quiet for like... 30 minutes.” George asked, blatantly worried about his friend. His gentle breathing was still flooding Dream’s senses, but he violently pushed those thoughts away in favor of actually giving George a reasonable response.

Dream sighed as he picked up his phone on the desk, his eyes widened as he looked at the time on his phone. He hadn’t realized how much time had passed. A warm yet cold feeling rushed through his entire body. *Guilt*.

“Shit, I’m so sorry George I just...I don’t know my head hurts today and I lost track of time and—and well I’m sorry,”

“It’s fine Dream, I understand. I ended the stream a while ago,” George sighed heavily, his breath was low and exasperated.

Dream’s mind was swimming, he couldn’t focus on a single thought. He could vaguely feel himself shift in his seat as his mind wandered to George. He has thought of the handsome brunette before in many different ways, how kind and understanding he was, his smile, his eyes.

Drowning in his own thoughts as he groaned in frustration. He loves both his friends, but there is something different about how he loves George compared to Sapnap. The low churn in his gut that was caused by George’s screams and yells when they playfully fought. He had to give George some of the credit for the cause of the headache plaguing him now. It was partially caused by the blinding blue screen in front of him, and the agonizing Florida heat that AC could only partially handle, but George monopolised his thoughts and was commonly the spark that ignited Dream’s migraines.

Dream has desperately been trying to get the man out of his head as to save both of them from an uncomfortable situation. He would often think of the innuendos and silly second meanings of certain things George would say to him off stream, away from prying eyes. Every manhunt was like a treat to chase around his friend and listen to him beg for mercy.

“You should really get those blue light filtering glasses, these headaches you get seem to be really bad,” George chuckled. Dream laughed a bit, removing his arms from behind his head and stretched them out before closing out of Minecraft in favor of leaving the darker colors of his computer background to help ease his eyes.

“Yeah, I guess I’m going to look like a nerd now, with glasses and all,” he smiled to himself, “I’ll look into it though, don’t worry.”

“You are already a nerd. I don’t need to know what you look like to be sure you definitely look like the classic nerd, braces and all,” George smiled with a mock seriousness in his words.

“You will know what I look like eventually, then you will get to see how *amazingly* handsome I am. And not ‘Nerdy’.”

“Yeah sure, whatever you say Mr. Quarterback,” George laughed good naturedly along with Dream. His laugh was music to Dream’s ears. His head had stopped spinning, but his mind still continued to waver as they fell into a comfortable silence. Their steady breathing was the only

thing heard between the two, letting Dream take a moment to recollect his thoughts.

“Hey Dream, do you think we’ll ever meet in person?” George asked, breaking the deafening silence. The blonde sat up as he processed what George had just said. Normally it was Dream who asked those types of questions, he was used to George's lack of interest, so he had stopped asking for a while.

George being the one to initiate the question made Dream’s brain stutter for a moment to think of what to say. He wanted to reply but couldn’t manage to make out any words or even get one sound to come out of his mouth. It felt like the words were glued in his throat.

“Dream?” George repeated with the same tone as before. The words made Dream’s body fill up with a warm stirring feeling.

*Is it okay to feel this way about such a small thing?* Dream thought to himself while wetting his lips and biting them slightly, mentally willing himself to give an answer.

“Uhm, I would love to, but... you know, VISA,” he said, trying to hide the fact that them meeting up would be the death of Dream, both in a good and bad way.

“Hah, yeah I guess, but I mean, after that. When I finally get my VISA,” George chuckled dryly. Dream ran his fingers through his hair, taking long deep breaths in order to calm his hunger down.

“If you get one, I would be more than happy to have you. I have a spare bedroom,” Dream thought out loud. George hummed thoughtfully, then gasped in realization.

“Wait! How about you come to me? You already have a VISA, and I’m pretty sure Sapnap has one too!” George said excitedly, obviously proud of himself for coming up with a solution.

Dream’s heart fluttered a little. The thought of being able to see George in real life and breathing the very same air as him queasy.

“That sounds like a great idea!” He breathed out through his teeth, thankful George could not see the slight flush on his freckled cheeks and how stupidly bright his smile must be.

Silence arose between the two, making the call dead silent for seconds that seemed like thousands of years. Dream was starving for something more with George, he has for a long time.

He had come to the conclusion a while ago that he had a *slight crush* on his best friend. He wanted to ignore it, but the crush turned into something more, an adoration. As time went on, Dream began to crave George’s attention. Joining just about any call or stream he was in.

His mind would wander to George in the early hours of the morning, when the world was asleep. He would look back on the Snapchats and pictures jokingly sent between the two of them that he had sneakily taken screenshots of. It was another way to make George yell at him and make Dream swear to not show to another soul. Inspecting every bit of George’s face, every finger, every strand of hair, burning it in his memory.

He would think about how he could run his fingers over George’s pale skin, and hold him tight. He would watch George’s stream even when they were on a call together, to watch his face when Dream teased him, his face flushing angrily and biting his lip slightly. It drove Dream up the wall.

“Okay, I think I have to go now Dream, it’s like three in the morning for me,” George said, breaking the silence.

“Oh. Okay, bye George, we can discuss the flight and stuff tomorrow after my stream with Sapnap,” Dream replied with a slight frown, worried he said one of his thoughts out loud. The robotic voice of teamspeak let him know George had left.

The deafening silence of Dream’s room wasn't as calming as he hoped. He was left to his own thoughts.

He decided to busy himself with Twitter for a bit to distract himself, replying to one of Sapnap’s idiotic tweets. He would drown in his worries later, when he felt like it. Until a notification from Snapchat reading ‘*George sent you a snap!*’ appeared at the top of his screen.

# Call It What You Want

## Chapter Summary

Dream's flirtatious compliments makes George feel a certain indescribable way.

## Chapter Notes

Just to mention, the characters in the story aren't the real people it's only their personas

Every other chapter will change between Dream's and George's POV.

Chapter title is based off of the song Call it What You Want by Foster the People

enjoy :)

George woke up to the sound of a notification ping from his phone. He looked up groggily and groaned, pushing himself up from his soft mattress to grab his phone from the nightstand. He opened the screen and looked through the notifications sent through the night.

Most were meaningless, other than the occasional tweet from one of his friends, until he stumbled upon a notification from Snapchat that read, ***'Dream took a screenshot!'***. George blinked rapidly and thought for a moment, trying to remind himself of what happened last night. He couldn't remember what he sent Dream in his tired state while he layed in bed. All he could hope was that it wasn't blackmail material.

His two thumbs began to move quickly as he clicked on Dream's icon and began to type to him.

*"What was that screenshot for?"* he sent.

George waited, staring at the blank screen with the only text there being his. He decided to turn his phone off and toss it somewhere on his bed. He got up and headed toward his kitchen, each step sent a cold shock to his feet since he wore no socks.

After picking up 2 eggs and cracking them on the counter top, he turned the flame on the stove. He began pouring the eggs into the pan to make himself some scrambled eggs. The smell of eggs began to fill up his empty house.

He took his time eating, not particularly focusing on anything before he walked back into his room and sat down in his gaming chair. He put on his headset and went onto discord.

He had a notification from Sappnap.

*"George, are you joining Dream's stream later?"*

He smacked his hand to his forehead comically.

He forgot.

*Whatever.* He thought and typed back,

“*Yeah,*” He responded dryly.

*Sapnap is calling...* it said on his screen as the ringtone played. He accepted the call hesitantly.

“Hiiii Gogy,” Sapnap teased as he added Dream to the call. George rolled his eyes and replied.

“Hi Snapmap,” he mocked, using the ancient nickname as a lame attempt to bother him. Dream’s chuckle ran out through the call as he joined, giving George a warm feeling in his stomach, but decided to ignore it.

“Hey guys, are you fighting like an old married couple again?” Dream asked, a blatant smile could be heard on his lips. It was obvious when he was smirking, after years of knowing each other, they had learned one another’s behavior and how they talked.

“Don’t you and George do that all the time?” Sapnap clapped back.

“Oh come on,” Dream’s grin could be heard through the call.

George felt a fire rise to his pale cheeks. Somewhere deep inside of liked the way Dream says that.

“Okay anyway, I’m gonna start the stream,” Dream said as he clicked his mouse a few times. George waited patiently for the stream to appear on the main twitch screen. He fidgeted with his fingers and tapped them on his desk lightly.

*Since when have I been this nervous for a stream?* He thought to himself as his anxiety rose slowly. His hands lifted to his face as he cupped both of his hands to the side of his face.

“Hi. Hi everyone! Welcome to the stream,” Dream began as he welcomed all the viewers. George watched the stream on mute as he saw the viewership skyrocket, which only managed to make his nerves spark more.

“I’m here with Sapnap and *George*,” Dream said as his green character moved towards George closely. Sapnap moved closer too, looking at Dream and punching George out of his way.

“Sapnap, don’t be rude,” Dream scolded.

“You’re already being a huge simp and you literally just started the stream,” Sapnap groaned and he moved his character next to George, punching him aggressively.

“Well, to be fair, George is gorgeous, I think the entire chat can agree with me,” Dream’s tone grew smoother and lowered slightly, George shuddered at the praise. Dream was not wrong, the chat made it very clear that Dream was correct, praising George further.

“Aaaaaand now I understand why people say you pander,” Sapnap laughed, obviously looking at the chat, spamming green and blue hearts.

George laughed awkwardly attempting to change the subject to something other than him.

“You guys are such idiots,” George responded as he covered his mouth slightly to hide the embarrassment. They continued the stream, with little jokes and teasing here and there making it



feel more lighthearted until it came to an end.

“Alright bye guys! Thank you for coming to the stream. I love you all, bye!”

“Bye guys!” both George and Sapnap said as their voices conjoined as one. He sat back in his chair, easing his lower back and stretching his legs comfortably. The after-stream feeling always eased his anxiety by a lot. It could finally just be him and his friends talking without the pressure of having to entertain a whole audience. George sighed in comfort.

“Aw are you tired Gogy?” Sapnap teased again with a soft voice.

“Yeah kinda, it’s always different talking to you guys off stream,” George replied, ignoring the tease.

“Awww, how sweet of you George,” Dream said in a silly voice. George rolled his eyes.

“Okay, okay, seriously though, I wanted to bring something up with you,” George began, “More specifically you Nick, since I’ve already briefly talked about it with Dream.”

“Well, I’m listening,” Sapnap said, his sly smirk heard through the call.

“How about you guys come to me, like, to England I mean,” He started, “Since you guys both have VISAs, you could fly to Manchester, and I could pick you both up,” said George, growing slightly fidgety, although he wasn’t exactly sure why. Sapnap hummed in thought, thinking the plan through briefly.

“I’m pretty sure that will work, although I’m not sure when we would go since we all have such tight schedules,” Sapnap replied, obviously on the fence about this idea. George huffed unhappily.

“How about we meet up sometime around late June,” Dream butted in, “my schedule will be free then, how about you guys?” George grabbed his phone and opened his calendar, looking hopefully down at the screen while finding a free period around that time. He grinned triumphantly after a moment.

“I’m free the 20th through the 30th,” George said with a satisfied smile. Sapnap hummed again, faint tapping could be heard in the background of the call until he replied.

“Sweet! I’m free then too!” He laughed enthusiastically. George’s eyes lit up. It was going to happen, he was going to meet up with his two best friends for the first time, *more specifically Dream*. He wasn’t going to dwell on that thought though, he was too busy excitedly pulling up flights scheduled for that time and buying tickets.

“Alright then, sounds good I’ll be right back though I have to go take a shit,” Sapnap stated as he laughed loudly. Both Dream and George made sounds of disgust and disapproval. The noise of Sapnap muting ringed throughout the call. It was back to *just him and Dream*.

“So, what was that Snapchat you sent me yesterday about?” Dream said with a confident tone in his voice. George gulped.

*Shit. What the hell did I send again?* He found himself not sure of what to say so he decided to be honest.

“Uhm, what was it I sent to you again?” George asked with a worrisome tone. Dream snorted softly

as George's phone notification went off. ' ***Dream sent a chat!***' appeared on his Lock Screen.

"I am not opening that." George replied, being stubborn.

"Oh come on. Didn't you say you wanted to know what you sent?" Dream teased with his classic seducing tone. The brunette scoffed and opened the message. It was a picture of himself laying on his back. His hair was messy and his face was flushed slightly. His eyes tired, glazed over with the first signs of sleep and he looked only half awake. George's eyes widened in a mixture of horror and embarrassment.

"Oh my god, why the hell did you keep that? It's awful..." George groaned, putting his head in his hands in distress. Regret was the best word to describe how he felt.

"Well, it's good blackmail material, and you look..." Dream trailed off, the last word barely a mutter. George shuddered involuntarily. He flushed a violent shade of crimson, face warming uncomfortably. He curled in on himself, internally screaming.

"What did you just call me-" George spluttered but was cut off by the sound of someone unmuting.

"Heyyy I'm back, what did you two talk about? Are you flirting again?" Sapnap teased as usual. The tension could be felt over the call, like a string on the verge of snapping. Thankfully, Sapnap's presence made the string loosen, giving George a moment to collect his thoughts and breathe.

For a strange reason Sapnap has always managed to make sure both of his friends are comfortable and welcome, it balances them evenly in some unexplainable way. George may get frustrated with Sapnap sometimes, but he has to give him credit for being such a good friend, and helping out of an awkward situation like this one. Although, Sapnap's guess at what they were up to wasn't too far off the nail when it came down to it.

"Yes Sapnap, I was flirting with George as per usual," Dream mocked, but George could tell that he in fact, did truly mean what he had said. George's heartbeat accelerated, not skipping even one beat, pounding at what felt like a million miles per hour. Even without trying to think about it his heart kept on pounding, each beat louder than the last.

*What the hell is wrong with me today?* He's always been sensitive to flirtatious comments such as the ones Dream commonly makes, it's so easy to tease and play with his heart. Though he wasn't sure why it was only Dream's comments that made him act this way, not Sapnap's, not Karl's, but Dream's sentences of all things.

*It isn't fair.* He thinks to himself, it isn't his fault that he always manages to blush so easily and get nervous over such little things. Sapnap laughed, unaware of the actual connotations of Dream's flirting and how it affected George.

"I'm leaving now," George said, not waiting for a response from either of them and just clicking off the call. His hands trembled slightly as he turned off his computer, sighing and spinning his chair so that he could stand up. His legs shook slightly as he made his way to his bed to lay down. Before he could, a vibration came from his pocket so he took out his phone to see the notification, ***Dream is typing...*** Suddenly, his knees became weak as he lowered his posture and sat on his bed. He thought of why Dream would be texting him again.

*Was it because I hung up? I need to come up with something believable to excuse me for suddenly leaving.* The typing stopped, and he clicked on the chat box.

*“George, you good? Did we do something to upset you? Did I do anything to upset you?”* Dream’s text read. The British man hung his head in confusion.

*I don’t know. Did he do something? All of those compliments, constantly hit me and feel like small burns that cause my heart to burst into flames.* He thought, grabbing his shirt collar and tugging at it, trying to come up with a way to respond. Before he could think, his phone screen turned off due to the amount of time spent thinking.

George collapsed onto his bed completely in defeat. Staring at the blank ceiling’s rough stucco texture. It was just a barely-there compliment, so why is he taking it like it’s a big deal?

*Dream and I are just friends. George reassured himself. Besides, if I did have a thing for Dream it would probably just be one of those short meaningless crushes, how can I like him if I don’t even know what he looks like? If he did like me, he would have trusted me enough to show me his face.*

He rested his palm against his cheek as he tried so hard not to dig too deep into his own thoughts and feelings, until his ringtone went off. He lazily picked his phone up and saw that it was Dream who was calling. Deep inside him he had wished to hear his voice again. It was soothing, it felt...good, to just hear his voice through his headphones.

So in defeat, he picked up the phone. He had just lost to his own consciousnesses, which seemed to take great pleasure in hearing Dream’s voice.

“Hello? George, you didn’t respond to my texts so I just thought I... did something,” Dream apologized. He sounded very concerned, his voice was quiet and soft in worry. It made Georges heart ache, wishing for his voice to be its normal, cheerful self.

“No, It’s okay. *We’re* okay. Sorry I just have been really out of it because-” He paused.

*There’s no way I’m telling him that he actually made him feel something. No, that would be too embarrassing.*

“Because? I think you cut out George, say it again,” Dream’s voice was still laced with concern.

“Oh, because I-um haven’t been getting enough sleep” George stuttered as he found the right words to excuse his strange behavior. “That’s why I’m acting weird I guess..” Dream sighed, making George feel guilty for lying to him.

*I’m lying to my own best friend. Why?*

“You should sleep more... Maybe if I was there you would sleep better...” Dream said as he wheezed for teasing George again. He could almost hear the sly grin on Dream’s face, making it hard for him to even say a word without spitting out a messy choice of words. However, George decided he would play along. Give Dream just the slightest taste of his own burning medicine.

“Dream,” He began, “*I can’t wait* to see you so I can...” George paused.

*I don’t know if I should do this. I’ve never been good at flirting back.* Dream on the other hand stayed silent to, George’s surprise. It didn’t last very long although.

“So you can what George? What are you going *to do to me?*” The blonde replied curiously with a dangerously confident tone. George almost couldn’t handle Dream’s seducing tone. It lured him in like a monster and he couldn’t stand the fact that he couldn’t do anything about it.

His tone felt almost like a dog collar tied to his neck, leading him and pulling him whenever Dream

felt like it. He decided he wouldn't have it this time. He picked up his phone and opened up to the call and spoke loud and clear.

"Well," George smirked, "I'd love to do *a lot of things* but I think that... that's up for *you* to decide." Immediately, after finishing his sentence George hung up to end the call.

*I hope that was enough to give Dream a good surprise, at least enough to make him startled.* George thought confidently. Though he had no idea the strings he pulled in Dream's heart unleashed a starving monster

# Waterfalls Coming Out Your Mouth

## Chapter Summary

Dream comes to the bleak reality of his situation.

## Chapter Notes

Howdy, just a friendly reminder to everyone that the story is based on the characters, not the real people!

Chapter title is based off of the song Waterfalls Coming Out Your Mouth by The Glass Animals.

Have fun!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

**12:32 PM**

**Friday, June 18th**

Dream sighed, putting his phone in his back pocket. He couldn't stop checking the time. It was honestly kind of pitiful how impatient he was being. Sure, he was going to meet his best friends tomorrow for the first time. It's been ages since him and Sapnap met up, and well—Dream has never met George.

He continued packing, trying to take his mind off of his impending doom. He shoved the last of his clothes that he had just washed into his suitcase and zipped it shut. He grabbed his toiletry bag and put it in the front pocket of the suitcase before taking a step back, admiring his work.

Dream did a swift check of his room, looking for anything he could have missed. He ended up finding a tripod he splurged on a while back for no discernible reason on one of his shelves. He briefly looked at it before putting it in his suitcase. They could vlog small bits if they felt like it, maybe give the fans a reason to believe them since they had already faked them out once.

The group had sent out small hints about the meetup on Twitter, just to rile up the fans, make them speculate a little. Dream had tweeted something out about him not streaming for a while along with a multitude of tweets from the entire group such as, "Man, I wonder if Dream will be as hot as you guys draw him," and "What's the weather like in the UK?" The tweets, paired with sly quips having to do with flying that were written while playing Jackbox on stream, made the internet explode.

Just like that, Dream team was trending again. Most people thought the group were just trying to get a reaction from fans, but some were still hopeful that it would actually happen. Dream had

taken a lot of time looking through the threads and posts, mostly laughing his ass off with Sapnap and George already imagining how many people will lose their shit.

Dream sighed once again, forcing himself to close out of Twitter and distract himself with something that wouldn't rile himself up. He decided to turn on his computer, allowing the machine time to start up. There was a discord invite from Sapnap that immediately popped up onto his screen the second he opened it. Dream chuckled as he accepted the invite, preparing himself for Sapnap's yells and overexcitement.

"Ay! Look who decided to join!" Sapnap's voice rang through Dream's headphones and he winced.

"Oh my gosh! I heard the Dream team is going to finally meet up!" Karl's voice also chipped in, he basically heard the pout in Karl's voice.

"Yup! We are meeting up," Dream sighed, his voice becoming unintentionally anxious at the thought of having to survive a little over a week with George. He shuddered.

"Why didn't you guys invite me?" Karl whined, "I'm just as important to the Dream Team."

Honestly, Dream felt a little bad about not inviting Karl, but his mind was so fogged when he purchased the tickets that Karl's existence went unnoticed.

"I'm sorry Karl, but it's just for the OG's this time." Sapnap started, "Don't you have a video to record soon with Jimmy anyway?"

"Well yeah..." Karl sighed, disappointment clear in his voice. Dream could tell Sapnap was just as bummed as well.

For the past two weeks, it had been a constant back and forth flirtatious conversations between both him and George. Mostly Dream made the fairly *suggestive* remarks to George.

Dream simmered in his thoughts, absentmindedly chewing a nail. There were so many things he wanted to do, but such little time to do it. He had to contain himself since Sapnap would be there too.

Dream wondered what George felt like. Was his skin as soft as it looked on camera? Are his hands as small as Dream had imagined? Impure and thoughts raced through his head constantly throughout the last two weeks, ever since George left him on call, red faced and holding his breath.

To say the least, Dream had spent the rest of that night breathing raggedly and sweating. He had to get revenge on George, and the best place to do so was in person. He wasn't planning on curing his starvation, he was only going to take a small bite, make George's pale skin a vibrant red. Maybe a couple fleeting touches would do the trick.

Karl spluttered unhappily, tearing Dream away from his thoughts.

"Can we meet up soon then?" Karl asked, Dream's mind still wavering on the line of consciousness.

"Of course Karl, we will seriously miss you man," Sapnap sighed, desperately trying to find a way to make it up to Karl, "We will make sure to call you together at some point, you can even do it on stream." Karl stayed silent for a moment, thinking it through, then he became his cheerful self again.

“Yeah! I’m super down. Just keep the call PG, I don’t wanna get banned on twitch because the three of you decide to make out on stream,” Karl giggled, while Sapnap chuckled.

Dream laughed half heartedly, while he grabbed his phone to check the time. Sadly, it hadn’t become the next day in the minute that passed between the last time he checked his phone. Dream groaned, carding his fingers through his hair.

“You good Dream?” Karl asked, calming down from his giggling fit.

“Yeah, just stressed,” Dream replied, realizing only now that it was probably not a good idea to tell them that.

“Why?” Sapnap asked, curiosity evident in his tone.

“Well... uh I’m afraid of airplane rides,” Dream lied. Sure, he didn’t love airplane rides, but being completely scared of them was an overstatement.

“Really? I didn’t actually know that. I’m sorry dude,” Sapnap seemed weirdly empathetic towards him, which was very different from his usual reaction to one of Dream’s legit fears. Something was definitely wrong about Sapnap’s “worried” tone. Sapnap was on to him. *Shit*.

“Yeah, that really sucks,” Karl observed, oblivious to the lie.

“Yup, I don’t really want to think about it though,” Dream desperately attempted to change the subject. He knew his attempt at a lie wouldn’t work on Nick, they had known each other for too long. Maybe it had worked on Karl, but he knew Nick too well and vice versa. They had no secrets.

“No, I want to know more about how you found out about your fear of airplanes *Dream*,” Sapnap said sweetly, words dripping with honey. Dream groaned inwardly. Frustrated beyond belief.

“It’s just super cramped,” Dream grumbled through his teeth.

“Mhm, sure. So what is it you’re actually afraid of then?” Sapnap asked, he seemed pleased he caught Dream red handed.

“I’m a bit worried about what George will think of me,” Dream finally admitted under his breath.

“Dude, you know you two will be friends no matter what he thinks of your appearance. As long as in the 3 months I’ve been back in Texas you grew a third nipple and a—” A sound notification of someone else joining the call rang. It was George. Dream’s heart began racing, it felt as if he had just run a mile.

“Hey guys, are you ready?” George asked, ignoring that Karl was there.

George’s voice made him feel like he was floating.

“Yeah, I already have my stuff ready. What about you Dream?” Sapnap responded. This made Dream have to snap back to reality. Sometimes he wished he could live in his own fantasies, where everything went his way.

“Uh, what? Sorry I was daydreaming” Dream stuttered the last few words subconsciously as he rubbed his hand on the back of his neck. It was this exact thing that bothered him often of getting carried away in his thoughts.

“What were you daydreaming about?” George questioned curiously. As Sapnap also butted in.

“Haha, get it day *dream-ing!*” Karl chimed in.

”What about?”

“Uhm...just food.” Dream began nervously, “Ranboo told me I need to eat a weeks worth of food here so I don’t have to eat beans on toast.” He changed the subject to something else other than his own thoughts.

*Shit he really needs to stop talking*

George made an exasperated sound

*Oh no, migraine.* Dream realized as he felt a harsh pressure and pounding on his head.

“*Dream?*” His mind fogged again. The snaps he sent him. His pale skin wonderfully flushed, and his eyes glistened like melting chocolate.

“Do you have a headache again?” a voice he only barely recognized to be Sapnap’s had intruded on his thoughts. He closed his eyes tighter and pressed his fingers to his temples. He swam back to the surface desperately, almost drowning in the waves.

“Yeah, I’m fine though,” He ground his teeth together and harshly pressed the palms of his hands against his eyes and colors bloomed across his vision.

“Jesus, you sound awful Dream, I didn’t know you got migraines,” Karl sounded concerned. Dream sighed and forced himself to open his eyes, trying desperately to ignore the bright colors facing across his vision.

“He’s gotten these before, don’t worry about it Karl,” Sapnap answered for him. Dream mentality reminded himself to thank Sapnap later

“Honestly, I’m worried about you at this point,” George’s exquisite voice engulfed his mind once more, “You have been getting these a lot lately. You seriously need those light filtering glasses,” George laughed nervously, Dream gripped his chair like it was a life line, the only thing keeping him grounded.

“Well, I’ve got to go.” Karl still seemed on edge, but Dream was grateful that he had an out of the conversation.

“Yeah, same here, sorry guys.” Dream grit out, almost tearing the arm off his chair and blinking rapidly.

“Okay then, I’ll see you guys tomorrow,” George was obviously still concerned about Dream’s behavior, but he seemed to understand that what Dream wanted right now was silence, so he pressed no further.

“Haha, I’ll see you guys then!” Sapnap snorted, before leaving the call along with the others. Dream sighed, turning off his computer and standing up on wobbly legs to lay down on his bed. His comforter engulfed him, allowing himself to finally escape his migraine, thoughts, and the depressing reality of his situation.

*I'm hopelessly in love with an idiot, who will never reciprocate my feelings.*



## Chapter End Notes

Thanks again for all the support. We love hearing from everyone! I (Bee) will be going over previous chapters and looking for grammatical issues or spelling errors. There was a few we missed while editing.

Another quick thing, I would highly suggest you listen to the songs we put in the chapter titles (I've gone back and changed some songs cuz they weren't as fitting for the chapters)

# I Like Me Better

## Chapter Summary

A trip to the airport makes George question some things.

## Chapter Notes

Howdy, as you all know, don't share this with the cc's, be respectful, yada yada... You get the point. We won't be adding that type of thing to future chapters because you guys should know this by now. Just don't be a dumbass basically.

The song this chapter is based off of is I Like Me Better by Lauv.

This one is pretty wholesome so buckle your seatbelts.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George watched the screen hanging above him. It listed the expected flight times for the next couple hours. He stared expectantly at a flight at the top of the roster.

### **Flight 281, Orlando Florida, Expected Arrival Time: 2:40 PM**

He sighed, praying that the flight wouldn't be delayed another second. He could barely stand waiting for the regular landing time, god forbid another hour. George bounced on his toes, preparing to walk over to the baggage claim area to greet his incoming friend.

He read the signs to find where he needed to go, making elaborate twists and turns along the way until he reached his destination. Right on que, a woman's voice announced the arrival of flight 281, Dream's flight.

He waited impatiently, watching the hallway the flyers would walk through to reach their luggage. Minutes felt like hours as he stared expectantly at the empty hall. George's eyes wandered, looking everywhere trying to work out which way Dream would arrive from.

He heard a sudden eruption of voices from the right hallway, he watched as people began to trickle into the baggage claim area.

He stared at every face, looking for a man with tan skin, freckles, and dirty blond hair. It was the only description he had, so he counted on it to help him find his friend.

*How could he miss someone like that?* Soon, all of the passengers had flooded the room. George couldn't see as well. He stood on his tiptoes, attempting to see over the bodies in front of him, to no avail.

Until he felt someone tightly grip his waist from behind.

George stood still rigid, almost afraid of the man he knew was behind him. His head tilted slightly around to finally see *him*.

It was Dream alright.

His hair was a rich dirty blonde color with freckles scattered across his face, vaguely reminding George of stars. His eyes were a striking green color, sparkling with mischief, although they looked more yellow to George. He looked at him without blinking, admiring Dream in the moment. He could only form a slightly awkward smile as Dream's hands slid off his waist.

*He wanted Dream's hands on him again.*

*What?*

"George," Dream saluted him with a soft smile. His cheeks were a rosy red. George couldn't contain his smile.

"Dream, it's really you," He said looking him up and down seeing how tall he was. It was true, Dream really was taller than him, by a few inches too. George's body inclined towards Dream's and fell into a hug.

He gripped onto his grey hoodie, stuffing his nose into the smell of mahogany and citrus.

*This is definitely something best friends do when they meet each other for the first time, right? They knew each other for ages* and had never seen each other before. Dream wrapped his arms around George's waist, only this time more tightly and listen him up a little.

"I'm so glad to finally see you, in person," Dream began, his voice cracking a little, "You have no idea *how long I've been waiting for this to happen.*" The words hit George like a train. Was his friend really this excited to see him?

"Me too," George stuttered, softening his grip on Dream's neck. George was on his tippy toes from having to reach up to hug him. He was vaguely aware that the people around them were giving the two men weird looks, but George couldn't care less what they thought. He was too busy giving into temptation.

"I feel so short." George complained. It usually didn't bother him too much but as of now he felt way shorter compared to Dream. George felt his eyes begin to water. He mentally yelled at himself for being so unnecessary emotional.

"Haha, shortie," George could hear Dream's smirk. His voice was a low whisper. It was weird hearing Dream's voice in person and not through headphones. His warm breath blew against George's ear, sending shivers down his spine.

*This is so dumb.* George thought as he shut his eyes, gripping the back of Dream's hoodie tightly. He felt awkward and short, but at the same time he felt so safe and secure in Dream's arms. The feeling was indescribable, a way he had never felt. He just didn't feel the need to let go.

"When does Sapnap land?" Dream asked, his voice slightly muffled by George's shirt. He forced himself to unwrap his arms from around Dream's neck, much to his displeasure.

"Uh, at 3:30, I think," George replied, still dazed. He looked back up at Dream, he had to mentally stop himself from gasping at the look on Dream's face. He looked wonderful. His cheeks were warm with color, eyes gazing at George sweetly. He almost fainted there on the spot like a

schoolgirl.

*I'm an idiot.*

George mentally slapped himself again.

Dream's hair was tousled, dirty blond locks messy from a nap on the airplane. His grey hoodie was pulled up to his elbows, allowing George another look at his sun kissed skin. He suddenly felt very self-conscious about his vampire-like skin tone. Dream also had a familiar smirk resting on his lips, a smirk he had heard many times through call.

Dream could tell George was looking at him like some supernatural being. He chuckled.

"Like what you see?" he asked teasingly. George spluttered, forcing the heat in his face back down in an attempt at composing himself.

"Nope, just taking in your nerdy-ness," George grinned evilly.

"Definitely not quarterback material," Dream's smirk widened into a huge smile, allowing George to see the slight gaps in his teeth.

*So there are some imperfections.* He observed, finding them more endearing more than anything else. The imperfections just seemed to make the man in front of him even better and more real.

"Yeah, yeah, okay vampire," he punched George in the arm half heartedly. They laughed together as Dream walked over to the conveyor belt, grabbing a black suitcase with a green piece of cloth wrapped around the handle.

They hauled the suitcase off the belt together and began walking to the terminal Sappan would land in. They had to briefly check the flight schedule to make sure they had the time and baggage claim correct.

The two walked in a comfortable silence. As they made their way to the other side of the airport, George found himself looking over at Dream out of the corner of his eyes often.

*It wasn't weird. He had just met his best friend for the first time. It didn't mean anything.*

Dream's gaze caught his while George attempted to sneakily look at his friend again. He forced his head down quickly, averting his gaze. George could faintly hear Dream chuckle next to him. He flushed a violent shade of red.

*Definitely normal.* He thought in an attempt to comfort himself.

Thankfully, the two had arrived at the second baggage claim area, ripping the two out of their own thoughts.

They talked about this and that as they waited for Sappan's flight to land, grabbing a snack from one of the Airport food places nearby. Dream seemed a bit Jet Lagged, but he hid it well. His eyes were lowered slightly, and he seemed to be computing things slower than his normal "big IQ" would.

Too soon, the disembodied woman's voice called out through the loud speaker again, interrupting the two friend's conversation. The woman announced Sappan's plane's arrival.

Suddenly, George felt his back pocket buzz. He grabbed his phone and opened the screen to see a

text from Sapnap.

*“Just landed! Can’t wait to kiss you guys in person ;)”*

George laughed and showed the dirty blond next to him the text. Dream wheezed and shook his head.

“I swear, he will always be like this no matter how jetlagged he gets,” Dream ran his fingers through his hair, tugging the soft blond locks gently. George’s breath hitched.

George’s thoughts were interrupted by the first few voices that could be heard down the corridor to their left. Dream and George watched expectantly, waiting for the brunette to walk down the hall.

Soon enough, a man with chocolate brown hair, a scruffy beard, and a baseball cap walked down the hallway, looking around expectantly. George locked eyes with him and formed a huge smile.

“GEORGE! DREAM!” Sapnap yelled as he ran towards both of them pulling his suitcase off the conveyor belt violently. The three of them fell into a group hug, laughter erupted through the large room. People leapt out of the way and gave them dirty looks. Sapnap hugged both of them individually afterwards and couldn’t hold back his giant smile.

“So are we gonna kiss or what?” Sapnap teased as he rested his elbow on George’s shoulder smirking. George’s cheeks flushed slightly. *He was so happy.*

“Not right now Sapnap but we can later at George’s house. No PDA in the airport.” Dream wheezed as he turned to George and winked suggestively. George chuckled nervously, averting his gaze from Dream’s strikingly green eyes.

“You guys are idiots,” George said through his laughter, beginning to lead the way to the exit of the airport.

After a round of Rock Paper Scissors for shotgun (which Dream had won much to Sapnap’s displeasure), the trio piled their luggage into George’s sedan and began driving to George’s flat, driving on the long highway. Heat beamed in on the car, making Dream and Sapnap take off their hoodies. George averted his gaze away from Dream and focused on the road in front of him.

They talked a bit in the car about random subjects such as the weather forecast for the week and the agenda. Eventually, they settled into a comfortable silence, so George turned on the radio.

*“Take me to your best friend’s house, roll around this roundabout...”*

The lyrics interrupted the silence as George looked at the song on his display.

## **Tongue Tied**

### **by Grouplove**

He smiled and allowed himself to be carried away by the music. He could hear Dream humming along next to him along with Sapnap screaming the lyrics in the back seat. George found himself relating to the lyrics, but he wouldn’t admit that.

They listened to the song together, eventually ending the song with them all singing together, loudly. Commercials played, turning into a quiet hum in the background.

Sapnap erupted into a story about when he had played the song at a party one time with Punz and

some crazy shit happened. George only partially paid attention, trying to not crash the car. Until a new song began to play.

*“To be young and in love in New York City,”*

George recognized this song. He had heard it before from somewhere. George turned slightly towards Dream and he could see Dream beginning to sing the song under his breath.

“Ughhh put on some actual music, does your ancient car not have Bluetooth?” Sapnap called from the back.

“Nope, I’m the driver my choice. Beggars can’t be choosers.”

Sapnap groaned and George looked down at the dash again to check the song.

## **I Like Me Better**

### **By Lauv**

A memory flashed into his head where he remembered Dream showing him the exact same song and telling him it was one of his favorites. George smiled as he also began to try and awkwardly sing the lyrics.

*“I knew from the first time, I stayed for a long time. Cause I like me better. I like me better when I’m with you”*

Deep down inside of George he thought about Dream and himself in this situation. Of course, they weren’t in New York City... *or in love for that matter*, but it was sweet nonetheless.

*I do like me better when I’m with you.* George thought to himself as he gripped the wheel tighter and smiled comfortably. He could not be more happy than he was now, with his two best friends.

## **Chapter End Notes**

I hope you liked that one. We will be making Sapnap a more prominent figure in future chapters. Wingman Sapnap.

I should also warn you all that our upload schedule will be super scuffed next week. We won’t be able to post every day since Winter Break is over. (And we also have really big Essay’s due). Just thought we would give you a heads up.

Thank you again for reading. We adore your support, and appreciate you all for reading this mess. Thanks again!

# Lovefool

## Chapter Summary

Dream and Sapnap have a heart to heart while George takes a steamy shower

## Chapter Notes

I'm uploading this while walking to school, so do with that what you will. We have been looking forward to writing these next couple chapters, but don't worry it won't get as angsty as heatwaves ended up getting.

I should also mention that we have set the story in June of 2021, when hopefully COVID will be gone. (HAH I wish)  
Since the characters don't wear masks or social distance, I feel like we should make that clear.

This chapter is based off the song Loverool by The Cardigans

Anyway, enjoy the chapter and stay safe!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream woke up wrapped in warm, unfamiliar sheets. He sat up slowly, rubbing his eyes and looking at his surroundings. He vaguely remembered falling asleep almost the exact moment George had driven him and Sapnap to his house.

Dream was incredibly jet lagged, and to his knowledge, so was Sapnap. The second they got inside the house, Sapnap had flopped down on the couch and passed out while Dream held out on sleeping so that George could bring him to the guest bedroom.

Then he remembered seeing George in the flesh for the first time. His skin was as soft as Dream imagined. They embraced each other for what felt like forever. George's head fit so perfectly in the empty space of his neck, and George's arms wrapped tightly around Dream.

He was tired, but that didn't stop him from ingraining the image and feeling in his mind. Dream could remember letting out the breath he was holding when George melted in his arms. He felt at home.

He was startled by a knock on his door.

"Yo Dream, George is making breakfast for us," Sapnap's voice rang through the door, he sounded tired, "Get your lazy ass out of bed and come eat."

"Coming," Dream yelled back, slowly pushing himself out of the warm sheets.

"That's what she said," Dream is 90% sure he heard Sapnap giggle before walking away.

He checked his phone briefly to see many random tweets about speculations on the trio meeting up along with a vague hint thrown out by George from this morning. Dream also quickly checked to make sure the clock on his phone was synced up with UK time as well before dressing himself and walking out of the bedroom.

He walked into the kitchen to see George cooking eggs on the stove with Sapnap sitting on the counter next to him talking.

“Look who decided to finally show up,” Sapnap called once he noticed the sleepy blond enter the room.

“You woke up 10 minutes ago dumbass,” George scolded and slapped Sapnap on the knee with a spatula before turning back to his cooking.

Sapnap shrieked and leaped off the counter.

Dream laughed as he sat down in one of the chairs around the kitchen table.

“Gogy hit me, **canceled.**” Sapnap whined, throwing himself dramatically into the stool next to Dream.

“You kinda deserved it though.”

“Ugh, of course you would take his side,”

“I just have an army of simps at my beckoning call. Dream is their leader,” George quipped as he grabbed eggs off the counter and began to crack them. Dream while Dream formulated a response he watched as George moved about the kitchen. The domestic image made Dream’s stomach do summersaults.

Before he could open his mouth for a sly reply, his phone vibrated in his back pocket. He opened it.

*Dude. You’re blushing hardcore rn.*

It was a text from Sapnap. Dream’s face got even warmer. The feeling of embarrassment rose to his head. He looked back at Sapnap and shook his head. Sapnap raised an eyebrow and looked back down at his phone.

*Wow, how long?*

Dream kicked Sapnap in the shin

”Oww” Sapnap hissed in pain and elbowed Dream back with a grin

“What?” George asked, turning around to look at his two friends.

“Nothing, just Dream following in your footsteps and attacking me unprovoked,” Sapnap laughed looking back at Dream.

*Unprovoked my ass*

Sapnap was his wingman. The best one he could ever have, and he knew he would be there for



Dream. But he was definitely going to get questioned by him later

Soon enough the food was done, and Dream was ravenous since he hadn't eaten since the small snack him and George had picked up on their way to get Nick. He scarfed down the food, enjoying it way too much.

George seemed pleased with himself as he saw Dream and Sapnap inhaling his food. George's smug expression made the food in his stomach churn. He pushed any thoughts that started to surface away quickly and turned towards Sapnap to see him giving Dream a pointed look. His eyebrow was raised expectantly. Dream turned his face to his plate awkwardly.

*Was he really that obvious?*

They scraped the leftover contents of their plates into the garbage and washed them off. At some point Dream splashed Sapnap with water and it became an all out war in which all of them ended up soaked.

Dream really likes how George looked with his hair dripping and sticking to his forehead, with a huge grin on his face. It made Dream's heart melt.

"Okay, I'm going to go take a shower," George giggled as he made his way out of the kitchen, dripping water on the floor, "You fiends stay out of trouble."

Once Dream and Sapnap heard the sound of water running from the bathroom, the silence was broken.

"So, how long?" Sapnap asked, looking over at Dream with his arms crossed. Dream scratched the back of his head nervously.

"Well, probably seven months ago," Dream replied, his eyes looking at anything but his friend's brown ones. Sapnap burst out laughing.

"You really didn't know until seven months ago," Sapnap sputtered, trying to control his laughter. Dream glared at Sapnap.

"What is that supposed to mean?" He asked, growing more flustered by the second.

"Well, you definitely had a thing for him before seven months ago, it was kinda obvious," Sapnap sighed, a smirk playing on his lips. Dream groaned and held his head in his hands.

"Listen, I don't know how long, I'm kinda a mess at the moment," Dream ran his fingers through his wet hair, brushing it out of his eyes, "He just won't leave my head."

Sapnap's face was still slightly amused, but his expression seemed to soften a little. Dream looked up at him, a pained expression on his face.

"It's fine dude, you should have shared this with me sooner though, you've obviously been keeping this secret for a while now," He put a hand on Dream's shoulder comfortingly. Dream smiled softly.

"I don't think I'll ever tell him," Dream sighed.

"Why? He's not gonna take it the wrong way," Sapnap assured Dream and leaned closer, lowering his voice.

“What if it ruins our friendship? I don’t want things to change or get awkward,” Dream whined as he laid back.

“There’s always a chance he might like you back. I mean who knows? Maybe he feels something too...” Sapnap shrugged. Dream looked up at him, refocusing his attention.

“And why do you think that?” Dream began, “George always seems so...uncomfortable whenever I say something suggestive to him. It’s like it bothers him.”

“Nah, you’re overthinking it. I’m sure he just doesn’t know how to react. You know how George is, you’ve known him longer than me,” Sapnap reassured Dream again to no avail.

Sapnap sighed softly.

“Stop being insecure dude. There’s nothing wrong with you. Besides, you probably have a better chance of him liking you back...”

“What do you mean by that?” Dream questioned.

“Nothing,” Sapnap looked away, “it isn’t important.”

Dream knew something was up.

“No way, who?” Dream asked curiously with a small grin.

“...Karl” Sapnap mumbled, “He’s just so cute, and I don’t know... I feel so comfortable and happy when I’m talking to him.”

“No wonder you’re almost always talking about him,” Dream laughed, “But why do you think you don’t have a chance with him?”

“I don’t know, I’m just dumb,” Sapnap laughed sadly. Dream slapped him upside the head. And Sapnap yelped in pain.

“Look who’s being insecure now?” Dream teased with a gentle smile. Sapnap smiled brightly again and squeezed Dream’s shoulder.

The sound of water running stopped and the two fell silent and chuckled in unison at their combined silence.

“What are you guys laughing at now?” George asked, walking out of the steamy bathroom in a pair of clean sweatpants and a white T-shirt, a towel was draped over his shoulders. His hair was messy and wet, dripping onto his face. Dream was pretty sure his mouth was watering.

We were talking about how handsome you are,” Sapnap mocked. George looked at Sapnap with daggers in his eyes before using his towel to ruffle his hair, drying it more before chucking the towel at the pair on the couch. Dream’s breath hitched.

“Now both of you get off my couch and change, you are getting water everywhere.”

Dream ran his fingers through his hair while he stood up, checking his phone briefly. He felt another migraine coming on.

*Are you guys still going to join my stream tomorrow?*

Dream looked at the text from Karl and turned to his friends behind him.

“Karl wants to know if we will be free tomorrow to join his stream, you guys game?” Dream asked, making direct eye contact with Sapnap as he started to make his way down the hallway towards his room to grab a change of clothes.

“Sure, we aren’t doing anything tomorrow anyway,” George replied as he walked to the laundry room to drop his towel into the washing machine, along with a load of whites.

“I’m down,” Sapnap called down the hallway nonchalantly.

“Sweet, I’ll let him know,” Dream announced while beginning to type his response.

After him and Sapnap changed out of their wet clothes, the trio spent the rest of their day watching some random movie George suggested that was on English Netflix. For the most part, Sapnap and Dream just made fun of the British accents the whole time while George looked on disapprovingly.

Even George couldn’t hold back a laugh at one of Sapnap’s atrocious attempts at a female Scottish accent while Dream almost squirted the water he was drinking out of his nose. By the end of the movie the three friends had laughed their throats sore and were leaning on each other for support so they wouldn’t fall off the couch in a fit of giggles.

They ordered takeout and played a low budget game with botched graphics and buggy gameplay, causing Sapnap to rage when the game froze and killed him at the end of the level. George shoved his face into Dream’s shoulder to stop himself from laughing at the screaming Sapnap next to them.

Dream felt his heart race at the warmth on his shoulder. He could feel George’s breath against his neck. His mind fogged with thoughts of George like it had done many times before. Next thing he knew, he had fallen into a lava pit and died, causing George to fall into another fit of laughter, clutching Dream’s shirt like a lifeline.

He leaned into George, laughing as well. His mind was only partially aware of the closeness between the two as they laughed together. All he knew was that he was content where he was. Head leaning against George, laughing his ass off with his friends.

*He was living the Dream.*

## Chapter End Notes

We hope you enjoyed this chapter. We tried involving Sapnap more as well as incorporating some good bro time.

We love hearing from you all, and we hope you enjoyed! :)

# Everybody Talks

## Chapter Summary

George questions what Dream really is to him.

## Chapter Notes

Howdy! We hope you all will enjoy this chapter! We have kinda been running out of inspiration, but I'm pretty sure we will get a refill of ideas tomorrow since we will take the day off. I (Bee) am not too good at writing dialogue, so if it seems weird sometimes, that's probably why.

This is the shortest chapter we have done so far since it is so dialogue heavy... but I hope it's okay anyway.

Chapter title is based off the song Everybody Talks by Neon Trees

Hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A slight glimpse of sunshine broke through George's curtains. He opened his eyes slightly, the impression of sunlight fled through his eyelashes and burned his face.

*Dream and Sappnap are here, right now, in my house.* George reminded himself as he sat up slowly. He wrapped his blanket around himself making a tiny cave and walked to the kitchen to grab a glass of water.

Then he remembered what he had heard during his shower yesterday.

Sappnap liked Karl. That's new, but not surprising. They flirted so confidently that George wouldn't be surprised if they had just told Dream and George that they were together. He kinda wished Sappnap had told him along with Dream, but he understood that their friendship was something special.

They had known each other for so long that George was worried he bothered them whenever Dream and Sappnap were just talking... *just the two of them*. He felt a sting of venom run through his veins.

"George?" A voice called.

He turned around. It was Dream, sitting on the couch watching something on TV.

*What is he doing up this early?* George questioned in his head, not answering and just standing there in a dazed state.

"Dream? Uh I woke up for a glass of water," George explained along with a yawn, "What are you

doing up? It's like...6am," George asked as he turned around to see the clock on the stove. It felt like his mind was lagging, processing things moments after they are looked at or heard.

"The sunlight woke me up, it's really bright in my room," Dream replied, lowering his head onto a pillow on the couch, "Want to watch a movie?"

George laughed.

"It's 6 AM, and you want to watch a movie? You are actually insane. The entire world is asleep still."

"You aren't though, and neither am I. Why not?" Dream pleaded with a pout on his lips. George sighed and kept walking towards the cupboard where his cups were stored.

"Hey! Come on... what else would we do?" Dream whined as he stood up and trailed behind George. He could feel the warmth of Dream's presence burn him with its closeness, and turned around in suspicion.

"Clay."

"Why'd you turn around like that?" Dream grinned, "did you think I was gonna do something...?"

George was trapped in between the counter and Dream. The dirty blonde towered above him. George gulped, feeling his heart rush with anticipation. His hands rested behind him on the counter trying to grip onto something.

"Clay..." George repeated, his heart pounding so hard he could barely hear his own voice. Dream had to have heard his heart pounding against his ribs.

"We c-can watch that movie you wanted."

Dream smiled and turned around happily. George couldn't believe it, did he really just let Dream walk all over him like that?

*That's so embarrassing.* George thought to himself rubbing his hands on his warm cheeks.

*Why did I get so excited and nervous at the same time?* He questioned, filling up his cup. His heart was still pounding, just less aggressively. He chugged his water quickly and put the glass in the sink.

*Why did the way Dream towered over him make his heart race? Why did he like how Dream made him feel small?*

George made his way to the couch, sitting on the other side of the couch, away from Dream.

"What's wrong?" Dream asked, looking at George curiously with hunger hidden in his eyes. George looked away, only staring at the screen while scratching his neck.

"Are you gonna put the movie on, or what?" George asked, avoiding eye contact.

"Don't change the subject George," Dream complained. He moved slightly closer to George.

"You're such an idiot, I'm not doing anything. Just tell me what movie we are watching." George tried harder to change the subject. He could hear his own heartbeat once again.

*What the hell is wrong with me.*

“Uhm, I actually don’t know,” Dream wheezed, turning to look at George again, but he ignored him. Silence rose to take its place for a moment.

Dream grabbed the remote on the table and briefly looked at George, he looked concerned.

“Hey, just let me know if I bothered you or made you uncomfortable at all,” Dream asked sincerely, looking into George's eyes. Yellow met brown and George had to mentally slap himself.

“No! I’m not bothered in the slightest,” George replied, sounding desperate. He didn’t want Dream to ever stop doing whatever it is he does to George.

Dream smiled and looked at him, raising an eyebrow before sitting back and scrolling through movies. George let out a shaky breath.

“Hm, this one seems good,” Dream pointed out after a moment of looking. George looked at the TV for a moment, reading the description. It was some Rated R movie, but George just shrugged because he didn’t care.

“Looks fine to me.”

Dream nodded and began the movie. They sat there in comfortable silence for a while.

At one point, George pointed out a large loophole in the plot, which Dream and him laughed about for a minute. The movie appeared to be some risqué horror movie. It was like the weird amalgamation of a Jigsaw movie and Fifty Shades of Grey.

You might be asking yourself “What makes it like Fifty Shades of Grey?” Well, you see, about halfway through the movie there was a sex scene. A very long sex scene.

George shuffled in his seat, averting his gaze from both the TV screen and Dream. George may be a grown adult, but he was watching this movie right next to his best friend. Yes, they had watched some weird Belle Delphine porno before, but that was on a call, not real life. Thankfully, the sex in the scene sucked. Literally.

George heard a loud laugh from behind him. He turned around to see Sapnap leaning on a wall with a huge grin on his face.

“What the hell are you two watching?”

Dream burst out laughing along with Sapnap, he draped a hand over his face to calm himself down.

“That was awful timing,” Dream wheezed, looking over to George with a grin.

“I had no part in this, Dream set me up,” George huffed. The trio burst out laughing, George joining in this time. Dream grabbed the remote and exited out of the movie. George leaned back into the couch and ran a hand down his face in exasperation.

George felt a warm gaze on him, pulling himself away from his recovery to look up. He saw a mischievous glint in Dream's eyes. Dream’s mouth was turned up in a sly smirk, an expression George had no words for.

*Jesus Christ*, George sucked in a breath.

“Did you like the movie Georgie?” Dream asked, looking down on brunette. The silly nickname made George wince.

*Was Dream always this tall?*

“Uh, I guess, if you excluded that last scene,” George figited, looking up at Dream through his lashes, chewing his lip nervously. He saw an expression he didn’t recognize on Dream’s face for only a moment, then it was gone. It was a dark look, one that belonged to a hungry predator.

*I want him to look at me like that again.*

Dream turned around and strode away from George to the kitchen with Sapnap, still wearing his signature smirk.

“Well, to be fair, I didn’t really expect that to happen,” George couldn’t see Dream’s face, but he knew the dirty blond too well to not hear the sarcasm dripping from his voice, along with the grin adorning his handsome face.

*Handsome? What the hell?*

The loud ping of a notification rang from Dream’s phone. Dream opened it and announced loudly to his friends.

“Karl is streaming, you guys ready?”

George pressed his eyebrows together in confusion.

“Why is he streaming so early?” George asked, sitting up on the couch.

“He is probably itching to see us, you know him,” Sapnap responded for Dream offhandedly, “He is very impatient.”

Dream coughed loudly to conceal his laughter while George rolled his eyes.

“Whatever, let’s just call him,” George sighed loudly in exasperation.

They all walked into Dream’s room and waited for the blonde to boot up his PC. Sapnap grabbed his phone and pulled up Karl’s stream.

Karl was telling the stream that Dream would end up joining in a minute or two. He was giggling sporadically, he looked giddy with excitement.

Dream pulled up Discord and joined Karl’s call.

“Hey Karl,” Dream announced his presence before turning back to George and Sapnap and pressing his finger to his lips.

“Hey Dream!” Karl greeted, George could see Karl’s smile grow larger, he could also see the mischievous glint in his eyes.

Sapnap coughed loudly while Dream frantically covered it up with his own splutter. Karl put on a confused face before going off on a tangent about something random. Through the next couple minutes, George and Sapnap would make random noises in the background. The chat became a mess of people speculating about what was going on.

“Guys, come on, stop harassing Dream, he is all alone,” Karl started, “Right Dream?”

“Right,” Sapnap replied for Dream, lowering his voice excessively, sounding vaguely like Batman.

“What the fuck was that?”

The trio burst out laughing. Dream leaned back in his chair and wheezed while Sapnap clutched Dream’s chair to steady himself as he laughed.

The chat went wild. The messages went too fast to read, but George could vaguely see the words “Meetup” and “This is not real”. Karl played up his surprise, his screams of confusion made George’s ears ring.

Dream turned to George and grinned. George felt his cheeks warm excessively. He stared down at Dream, watching as he pulled his fingers through his blond locks. He watched as Dream quickly licked his lips wet.

George stared in shock. He could hear Karl laughing and the talking of his friends. Dream had turned his attention back to the screen, composing himself to explain the situation to the stream. George rocked back on his heels, fidgeting slightly as he drowned in his thoughts.

Dream’s smile, his laugh, his eyes, his hands, everything. Everything about him made George’s heart skip a beat. Dream’s little mannerisms such as how Dream tugged at his hair made George’s stomach flip.

He wanted Dream to run his fingers through George’s hair. He wanted to be held tight intimately close to Dream’s warm body. He wanted to trace the freckles on Dream’s sunkissed skin. He wanted to be all Dream looked at.

He may be confused about everything he was feeling right now, but there was one thing George was sure of.

*He was absolutely smitten with Dream.*

## Chapter End Notes

We are so excited about how many people have seen this and all of the amazing support you all have been giving us. Its crazy how much this has grown. We would like to give you all a huge thanks from the bottom of our hearts!



# Just Like Heaven

## Chapter Summary

A roller rink and a little too much confidence, what could go wrong?

## Chapter Notes

Hey, guys! We are sorry about the delayed update. We had taken a short break to prepare ourselves for these next couple of chapters. This chapter had also ended up being the longest so far, so it took a bit more work.

Chapter title inspired by Just Like Heaven by The Cure

Have fun!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream shuffled in the backseat of George's Sedan, attempting to fall asleep for the two hour ride ahead of him. George was driving with Sapnap in shotgun, it was only fair since Dream had taken it the first time.

They were on their way to Brighton to meet up with Wilbur, Tommy, Tubbo, Ranboo, and Philza. Since literally everyone other than George lived in Brighton, it made sense to just meet the gang there.

They had decided after the stream two days ago that they would invite their British friends to a meet up on the 24th. It was going to be rainy the next two days afterward, so they decided that the 24th would be their best bet.

The car ride was bumpy, but the steady rumble of the vehicle was calming after a while. He had asked George to turn up the AC at the beginning of the trip, but he said it was already on full blast. Sunlight glared in Dream's face, his thoughts drifted on the edge of consciousness as he rested his head on the leather seat. The seatbelt dug through his t-shirt uncomfortably.

This was the exact reason why Dream wasn't a car guy. They were always too stuffy for his taste. They also tended to spark one of his vile migraines. It was a similar relationship he had with airplanes. Except he could handle those better because he would always bring a bottle of prescription medication with him that keeps his nausea under control, and puts him to sleep. It was great.

The moment Dream realized he ran out of his medication, he knew the car ride would be dreadful. He decided to suck it up anyway because he wanted to see his friends.

The only thing that kept him distracted from this headache of a car ride was the soft music playing on the radio. None of the songs were being processed by Dream's drowsy head, but the pleasing static kept his mind busy.

He drifted aimlessly for a while, in a sweltering void before he was finally able to escape to the comfort of his dreams.

“Wakey, wakey, sleeping beauty,” Sapnap called from the front seat.

Dream groaned and sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. George was already stepping out of the car to stretch.

A large grassy field lay ahead of them, there was a large play set to the left of the car. They were in the parking lot of the park they were all going to meet up at.

Dream opened the car door and stood up. His legs felt numb and his neck was sore from sitting in one position for so long. He stretched his arms above his head before looking around and taking a look at his surroundings. The air smelt clean and fresh, with traces of salt from the ocean.

George pulled out his phone briefly before turning towards a lonely tree with a picnic table underneath. Dream had to squint to see the few people sitting beneath.

“They are over there, apparently Wilbur hasn’t arrived yet, but he will be here in about ten minutes,” George explained as they started walking on the green grass toward the tree.

“EYYY BIG S AND G! AND-AND BIG D!” Tommy yelled from a few feet away, waving his arms like an idiot.

“Oh god, don’t call me big D,” Dream laughed with a growing smile as he realized he was indeed taller than the British man, “See, I’m taller than you!”

He rolled his eyes at the teasing, the others laughed loudly. Dream rested his shoulders on the tree with a wheeze. Dream looked at the occupants of the table so far. He recognized Tubbo, Philza, and Tommy obviously, but there was also one extremely tall blond man with a mask in his hand

“Ranboo! Nice to finally see your face!”

“Same goes for you!”

”Gotta say, both faceless men here are both very handsome. Mainly Ranboo though,” Tommy sighed with feigned adoration and leaned against the taller blond. “But nobody compares to Gogy.”

George chuckled nervously, Dream turned slightly to see George’s awkward grin. His hand was placed on his neck, his hand in his jean pocket.

“Hey, guys!” Tubbo greeted excitably, along with a wave from Phil.

“It’s nice actually see you all, especially you Dream,” Philza smiled warmly. Dream chuckled resting his head on the palm of his hand. “So, we’re just gonna walk around the city and vlog some of the stuff we do” Philza explained to the newcomers.

“Hey! I’m here,” Wilbur exclaimed, taking long quick strides up the slope from the parking lot. He looked a bit out of breath. ”Sorry I’m late!”

Wilbur’s gaze met Dreams

“Dream, you’re exactly just as I imagined you,”

“Really? Everyone always says I look different from what they thought I would,” Dream laughed.

“So,” Tommy interrupted as he banged his fist on the table, “Where shall we go now, boys? How does a strip club sound?” Tommy laughed. Phil shook his head in disapproval.

“Tommy!” Tubbo said as he knocked Tommy with his elbow.

“What? I’m just trying to think of what we can do…” Tommy yelled as he rubbed his side where Tubbo had hit him.

“Well, we definitely can’t vlog that,” Wilbur laughed.

“Wait! How about we go to the Roller Skating Rink a few blocks away by my house? We can film some of that, and mess around,” Ranboo thought out loud. Everyone nodded in agreement, as Wilbur pulled his phone out to find the exact directions.

The group took the sidewalk, having to move in some sort of line so they wouldn’t take up the whole street.

They began to walk and talk to one another, catching up and general pleasantries. Dream excused himself from his conversation with Ranboo and shuffled up next to George.

“Do you know how to roller skate?” Dream asked looking at George, he shook his head no. “You can hold my hand if you want until you learn,” Dream teased softly but he wasn’t entirely joking.

George scoffed and elbowed him in the side.

Tommy was walking ahead of them talking animatedly to Tubbo about some girl he met the other day. Wilbur was talking with Sapnap about American foods. Phil grabbed Ranboo’s attention in the back of the line and they engaged in an in depth discussion of horror movies.

“We should start vlogging yeah? We wouldn’t want to disappoint the fans,” Tommy raised his voice as he turned around to face the group.

Dream thought about it for a moment before pointing out the obvious.

“Uh, what about my face?”

Tommy laughed and shook his head while taking out a tripod.

“Don’t worry big D, I’ll cover it up with some smiley face emoji or something,” Tommy’s tone was joking, but Dream knew the boy well enough to know he would never post Dream’s face without him saying so.

“I have a couple spare disposable masks as well, you can borrow one,” Ranboo added while pulling on his mask.

Dream took up the offer and pulled on a mask. He turned his attention back to the Brunette next to him, who was enjoying the city life around them. His head was tilted up slightly to look at the buildings surrounding them. His long lashes fluttered occasionally whenever the sun caught his eye. Dream swallowed thickly before returning his gaze to the world around them.

The older architecture was completely different from what Dream was used to. He was used to the beach houses and white picket fences of suburbia. It was honestly a breath of fresh air from what he was used to.

“Yo Wilbur!” Tommy shoved the camera in Wilbur’s face in front of them. He promptly glared at the camera menacingly. His classic dead-eyed stare. Tommy yelped and turned the camera to Tubbo who was grinning wildly. Tommy asked Tubbo a quick question before turning the camera to the rest of the group.

“Do you know Georgenotfound?” Tommy flicked Sapnap in the side while asking the question. The two of them bantered for a while before Sapnap pushed Tommy to the back of the group

“Gogy, what are your thoughts on men?”

“Hm, I think they suck,” George elbowed Dream once again to prove his point. Dream wheezed before hitting George on his back.

“You would know a lot about sucking wouldn't you George?” Dream smirked at George. He was partially playing it up for the viewers but he did enjoy teasing George quite a bit.

George sighed, but Dream could hear the laughter bubbling up inside him. George had to hand it to Dream, his comedic timing wasn’t bad.

“Ew, I’m leaving,” Tommy grimaced at the two’s teasing before turning the camera behind George and Dream. He scurried to the back to talk with Phil and Ranboo about what the group would be doing.

“You’re such an idiot,” George laughed when Dream caught his eye. “This is why the fans ship us.”

Dream chuckled dryly, his throat felt sore from laughing so hard. He loves the relationship he has with George. The banter, the teasing, it was stupidly fun.

He would honestly give anything for George. It was almost pitiful.

Dream usually had their line figured out. What was and wasn’t okay. But the line is so blurry that it was all too easy to screw up.

It had happened before, on, and off-camera. Nonetheless, he would bite his tongue to stop himself. His words would cluster and be caught between laughs. Dream would often find himself tongue-tied around George.

The group suddenly stopped outside of a large colorfully painted brick building.

“This is the place,” Tommy looked back at the group again. Wilbur nodded and opened the doors for them. They walked in to be greeted by a bright scene.

Loud music filled the building along with bright neon lights. Dream could see the rink from where they were standing to pay for shoes. People flew around the rink, some others were gripping the railing for dear life.

*I guess my year of roller skating will pay off.* Dream thought while waiting for his turn to pay.

They all grabbed their shoes and sat on small benches at the edge of the rink to put on their shoes. Dream had to squint to see the strings of his shoes. The place was both bright and dark at the same time, bright colorful lights dancing on some surfaces. Once the task at hand was done, he stood up and watched as the rest of them worked on their shoes. Sapnap, Ranboo, and Tommy were already almost done while Phil, George, and Wilbur all struggled to tie them. He offered help to them, Wilbur gratefully took it while George scoffed and continued struggling. Once Dream was done

with Wilbur's he moved to George to help.

He was sitting on his knees below George. George stared down at him and huffed.

"I could have done it on my own."

"Yeah sure," Dream laughed, only looking up at George for a second before turning his attention back down to the shoes to hide the red that was creeping up to his face.

*Thank god it's dark.*

They all stood up and made their way to the rink. Tommy turned his camera back on as they started to walk onto the rink. He was ready to catch any fall or slip up that could happen.

Tubbo walked on first. He seemed slightly confident in his abilities. Next went Ranboo, then Sapnap, then Tommy. They rolled back to face the entrance and watch the newcomers. Tommy had his Tripod in hand.

Dream went on next, he confidently rolled into the rink, spinning to face the last few as well. Phil decided to go first along with Wilbur. They shuffled awkwardly on the rink and grabbed the wall for support. Tommy and Ranboo approached them to help them out.

Last was George. He seemed unsure of how to start. Dream encouragingly smiled at him and opened his arms slightly, signaling that he would catch him if needed.

George held his breath as he took his first step onto the rink. George waved his arms wildly to gain some semblance of balance. Dream put a hand on his shoulder and brought him to the wall as well.

"Oh my god, how do you do this?" George asked through gritted teeth as he clung to the wall desperately. Dream chuckled, making sure George was on the wall before rolling backward to show off.

"It's not all that hard," Dream did a small spin before quickly moving back to the wall. George spluttered unhappily as he watched the man show off. "I find it's easier to start on the deep end," he said while grabbing George's free hand.

"What are you doing?" George grabbed onto the safety of the wall tighter with the other hand.

"Starting you off on the deep end."

Dream pried George off the wall and rolled backward with George following him, dragging him along. George clung to Dream's hands, allowing him to lead them.

Dream spun, pulling George along with him. George yelled out at the sudden move. He gripped Dream's hands tighter.

He pulled the Brit close to himself, feeling George's breath on his neck.

"Just let me take the lead, I won't let you fall," he muttered into George's ear softly. He felt the smaller shudder under his touch before pulling apart. George nodded briefly allowing Dream to see the slight blush on his face. Dream smirked.

He placed his hand on George's hip softly and motioned for him to place his own hand on Dream's shoulder. Dream continued to move backward, staying out of the way for the people around them.

"Now, once you are comfortable, move your foot out slightly, to the side, then back, like what I'm

doing.”

George looked down at Dream’s feet for a moment and then started to mimic what he was doing. After a moment or two of attempts, he was able to move his feet similarly to how Dream was moving.

“Okay, perfect!” Dream praised, “You are doing amazing, now I’m going to spin you if that is okay with you?”

“Uh, yeah,” George looked up at Dream through his lashes and nodded. Dream’s breath hitched before he spun him, quickly bringing the man back around. The lights caught the brunette’s eyes, his lip was caught in between his teeth, and he sighed after being brought back from the spin. It took every ounce of self-control he had to not bend down and kiss the brilliant man beneath him.

“Wooo, look at you two go!” Wilbur shouted from the wall when they passed by, bringing everyone's attention to the two pressed together.

“Jesus, you two need to get a room,” Tommy groaned loudly next to Ranboo near the wall. Phil was just behind them, still clinging to the wall.

“You good?” Dream asked, looking down at George, his lips grazing George’s forehead.

“Yeah, I’m good,” George breathed out. Dream smiled, looking back down at George’s feet. He was still moving along with Dream, rolling at a smooth pace.

“Would you like to try it on your own?” Dream was acutely aware of the feeling of George’s soft grasp on his arm.

“Are you sure?” George asked, looking back up at Dream, eyes shining brilliantly in the neon lights.

“Definitely, you are amazing for your first time,” Dream complimented, giving George’s hip a soft squeeze before slowly letting go, unwrapping himself from the shorter.

George wobbled slightly, trying to gain his balance without Dream’s added support. He looked up at Dream for help.

“Remember, side to side,” Dream reminded as he circled back to George’s left to help him further if needed. George nodded again and began moving forward slowly.

Once Dream was at his side, George gripped his arm tightly again, falling into step with one another. They skated slowly around the rink, George’s movements growing more comfortable. Dream was honestly surprised at how quickly he was catching on.

They circled back around the rink towards where people were still hanging onto the wall.

“Damn George, I thought you said you had never done this before,” Sapnap teased as they slowed down to greet their friends. It looked like Tubbo had taken to teaching Phil and Wilbur a little way down the wall while Sapnap and Tommy rolled around them mockingly. Ranboo was holding Tommy’s camera and videotaping the group.

“I haven’t, I just had a good teacher,” George looked out of the corner of his eye at Dream and winked. It felt like his heart had stopped beating.

“You guys are seriously gross,” Tommy grimaced at them while holding up the Tripod again.

Dream just realized that his hand was placed protectively on George's waist. He removed his hand as subtly as possible, hoping that the camera didn't pick that detail out. He caught Sapnap's eye while he did this. The man smirked at him and gave him a thumbs up. Dream rolled his eyes.

Wilbur shuffled over to the group and pulled out his phone.

"I think our time is up on the rink. Do you all want to go out for some food?" Wilbur asked before steadying himself on the wall again.

"Yeah sure, I know this super good burger place down the street we can go to," Tommy explained as he rolled by the group on his way to the exit. Dream shrugged before beginning to quickly follow the boy.

That was when he remembered that his fingers were laced with George's. Dream's heart raced as he felt George follow behind him. His face flushed as he sped to the benches, trying to escape the situation without leaving the inexperienced skater alone. They reached the exit of the rink and Dream untangled his hand from George's to sit down on an unoccupied bench, pulling the strings of his shoes nervously.

He could hear the chuckles of the rest of the group once they made it out of the rink. Dream's face was hot with embarrassment so he kept his head down, busying himself with the task at hand. Dream sighed softly before standing up once he composed himself, ready to make the trek to their next destination.

## Chapter End Notes

Howdy, I feel like I should make it clear that there may be things wrong with our descriptions of Nottingham. Neither of us have ever been there, we just looked up a google map of the place to get a feel for the layout. Just ignore any problems in the description if there is any.

Also, we have very little knowledge on roller skating. I (Bee) have done it two or three times, so we are not well informed. We just looked up a couple roller skating tutorials along with some couple skating to help with the scene.

Anyway, this was a super fun chapter to write. We really didn't want to rush it, which is partially why it took so long to upload. The upload schedule should be fixed after this, although we can't guarantee anything. Thank you all so much for your patience and support. We love you all!

# Limelight

## Chapter Summary

A day out shopping with the boys.

## Chapter Notes

Alrighty, this chapter is the longest we have made so far. We were originally thinking of separating this chapter into two parts, but we decided to just leave it as is.

We are super happy with how this one turned out, and we really hope you all enjoy it too.

Chapter title is inspired by the song Limelight by Just A Gent

Good luck...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George looked out his window at the wet street outside. Clouds loomed overhead with a devastating intent in mind. It almost looked like night even though it was already eight in the morning. He moved to the other side of the room to get dressed for the gloomy day ahead.

They wouldn't really be able to do anything today because of the rain, but George was still hoping that the trio could go out to a nice lunch at a cafe down the street. The place was all indoor and it was one of his favorite places to go when it rained.

George shivered as he walked down the hallway to turn on the heater. Huddling into the sweater he was wearing to stay warm. He was about to turn around and retreat back to his room when the scent of bread and baked goods filled his senses. He moved on autopilot to the kitchen.

The light was on and he looked across the kitchen island to see Dream pulling something out of the oven, and Sapnap mixing something in a bowl.

“What are you two up to?” George asked as he walked closer, sitting down on the couch.

“Making a pie,” Dream replied as he slid the oven mitts off his hands, and set them down on the counter. George licked his lips hungrily, it had been a while since he ate pie. He was still shivering.

“George, are you cold?” Sapnap laughed, as he stopped mixing to sit down next to George. George nodded his head slightly. His hands trembled a little as the bitter cold pierced throughout his body. Something soft hit his head and he whipped his head up. Sapnap had thrown a pillow at him.

“What was that for?” George complained, grabbing the pillow and holding it in his arms. Sapnap chuckled lightly, but gave him a serious look.



“Don’t you have any jeans? or sweatpants?” Sappnap asked, looking at George’s bare legs with only shorts on, “no wonder you’re cold. It’s freezing and all you’re wearing are those wimpy shorts!”

George’s face warmed with embarrassment. All he had was one pair of jeans, and a couple pairs of sweatpants, and his pajama bottoms. Unfortunately, they were all dirty so he couldn’t wear them. He hung his head and laughed.

“No uhm, I have sweatpants and jeans but they’re all in the washing machine,” George began, looking at the wooden floor, “that’s all I have, I don’t usually go outside much so I wear shorts all the time.”

You could borrow a pair of mine or Nick’s or we can go buy you some pants if you want,” Dream butted in, sitting down next to Sappnap and crossing his arms. George stared, looking at Dream’s hands, gulping slightly.

The idea of wearing his clothes made him turn bright red. He looked down at Dream’s hands. His hands were HUGE, it was almost embarrassing to compare his hand size next to Dream’s.

*Is all of him this huge?* George thought to himself. His teeth sinking into his lips, biting them. George couldn’t take his eyes off of Dream, he was stuck there, staring.

“George? You good?” Dream asked, he leaned over Sappnap to wave his right hand at George and snap. Bringing him back down to earth

“Yeah, I’m good, just thinking about pie,” George responded, staring longingly at his hands before tearing his gaze away to look at the kitchen. Sappnap chuckled.

“Three point one four...”

“Not that pie idiot,” George shoved Sappnap in the arm.

“You didn’t answer my question George!” Dream complained.

“What?” George asked again, his focus aiming to the blond.

“Do you want to go to the store and get you some pants or not?”

“Uh,” George thought for a moment, “Sure, then to this cafe down the street that I really like... Wait what about the pie?”

“The pie won’t be done until the afternoon,” Dream responded, “That plan sounds good with me though.”

“You guys realize it’s raining, right?” Sappnap asked, letting the silence rise enough to let them hear the trickle of rain on the pavement outside.

“That’s why umbrellas exist Nick,” Dream responded with a dry laugh.

“You’re an idiot Sappnap, do you wanna go or not?” George smiled softly.

“Obviously. Im not that dumb. I just don’t want to get these clothes wet,” Sappnap groaned as he got up from the couch. “I’m hungry, let’s hurry to go to the cafe.”

“Where’s your umbrella George?” Dream asked, both of them standing up at the same time to walk towards the door. George glanced around the room and spotted a dark grey umbrella.

“Right there, wait just a sec,” He walked towards it to bend over and grab it. George walked back over to the already open door as Dream signaled for him to go first.

If the weather was human, it would be sobbing with how much it was raining. Small droplets glistened in the streetlights. George admired them, wondering how something this simple could be so fascinating. Dream’s hand grabbed George’s shoulder, bringing him down to earth.

“I’ll hold the umbrella,” Dream smiled as he gently took it out of George’s hands and placed it on his own. He extended out the umbrella and raised it slightly above his head. The rain struck the top of the umbrella, tapping loudly above them.

Sapnap moved close to Dream’s left and George pressed into his side. A shock of goosebumps was sent across the Brit’s body and he clasped both hands to his arms as they began walking.

*I really do need pants.* George frowned, gazing at his flimsy, thin shorts. He lifted his head slightly to look over at Dream, unexpectedly their gazes met for a mere second sending a warm feeling to George’s cheeks, making his eyes look in another direction. It was odd how such a simple feeling could warm him.

“George, where do we go from here?” Dream asked, lowering the umbrella as Sapnap looked over Dream’s shoulder to see him. They had only made it to a stoplight. George’s mind blanking for a moment and then remembering.

“Oh, uh we cross this sidewalk... then make two right turns,” George explained, taking a brief pause in the middle of his words to let his brain work.

Dream nodded as Sapnap pressed the button to his left. The slight warmth from earlier let George’s face escape from the bitter cold for a moment, only for it to return again.

They crossed the sidewalk, and made the two right turns. They rushed under the overhang outside the store. George let out a sigh of relief as Dream began to lower the umbrella, closing it. Sapnap laughed as he opened the door to enter the store.

“It really is cold, oh my god Georgie. I can’t imagine what it’s like to be wearing those,” Sapnap tucked his hands into the pocket of his hoodie and held the door open to the shop with his foot. He continued to smirk down at George’s shorts. The Brit rolled his eyes and scoffed.

They walked into the store after Dream had successfully shaken out the water off the umbrella. George’s body quickly adjusted to the store’s temperature.

*Sapnap is right though, it’s fucking freezing out there with all the rain too. It was weird that it got so cold in the midst of summer, even if it was raining.*

“So, are we gonna get you just pants or is there anything else you wanna get?” Dream questioned, tilting his head down to look at George.

*He’s so tall.*

“We should probably get you more than a pair of sweatpants, your wardrobe is *lacking*,” Sapnap teased while wiping his feet off on the doormat.

“Right, um I guess I could use another hoodie too,” George began, looking around the store briefly. “Don’t you guys want to buy anything? Maybe a souvenir?”

“Sure, but we still have plenty of time.,” Dream said, “My number 1 priority is you right now,”

“Alright you two lovebirds have fun with that!” Sapnap teased with a smile, directing it to Dream, “I’m gonna FaceTime Karl and have him help me find something,”

George’s face burned with embarrassment.

“Whatever,” Dream laughed, turning to face George and grin once Sapnap had bounded off. George tilted his head to avoid eye contact. Dream noticed, and leaned closer. “Jesus, you really must have been cold, your face is pink.”

*Stop staring at me like that.*

“I guess. I have always been an icicle, ever since I was a kid,” George laughed awkwardly as he rubbed a hand on the back of his neck. Dream looked at him for a moment longer before turning his attention back to the clothing.

“Let’s go find you some warmer clothes,” Dream grabbed George’s right hand softly, pulling him to the other side of the store. George stared at the site of him and Dream’s hands wrapped together. Dream’s hands were so warm compared to George’s small, cold ones. Not to mention how huge Dream’s hands were.

*Jesus Christ I’m pathetic.*

It reminded him of the roller skating trip, where they had been tangled together, just the two of them. The feeling of being pushed to Dream’s chest, the steady heartbeat of the blond above him, the gentle praises he would give when George did as he was told. He almost melted on the spot every time Dream made a single movement. All he had to do was move his hand just slightly or breathe just right in George’s ear and he would become putty for the blond. George would have done anything for Dream in that moment.

George had wished it could have lasted longer, the feeling of it all was intoxicating.

*I wonder if he noticed too.* George thought hopelessly, wishing for Dream to feel the same way.

“Okay, where should we start?” Dream pulled George into the men’s section, extending his free hand out to the selection of clothes.

*Wait, free hand?*

Dream’s hand was still entwined with his.

“Uh, I guess we should start with pants, since...” George trailed off, looking down at their hands.

“Okay, perfect,” Dream started moving towards the jeans, pulling the star-struck man behind him. He seemed to not notice nor mind that their hands were woven together.

So they stayed like that, George’s hand folded within Dream’s larger one as they wandered through the men’s section. Dream pointed out some pants he thought looked nice for George, and he followed suit, picking some out for Dream.

They walked amongst the isles together, collecting a couple pairs for them to try. Dream had also picked out a few for himself. They also wandered into the shirts and hoodie area, and they picked some of those out as well.

Eventually, they made their way to the changing room, allowing George to have a moment alone. A moment to think.

*Him and Dream had just held hands, for a while.* Okay, that's fine, good even. But what does that mean?

*Was it friendly?*

*No.* Homies or not, holding hands is *a step in the right direction.*

George didn't mind, of course he didn't. The problem is that Dream probably doesn't mean anything by it. He felt stupid for thinking that it was a possibility. But, he didn't want it to stop. Even if it meant nothing.

He wanted Dream to hold his hand more. *Hell*, he wanted Dream to do way more than just hold his hand.

George bickered with himself internally as he roughly pulled a pair of pants up his legs, grumbling quietly as to not bother the people in the stalls next to him.

He tried on the pants picked out by him and Dream. He found that they were all really nice and comfortable. So he walked out of the stall with 3 pairs of sweatpants, two pairs of jeans, and a hoodie Dream had liked. Shortly after him, Dream walked out of his own stall with a pair of jeans George had picked out for him.

"So, what did you pick?" Dream asked after he walked out of the stall. They were on their way to the counter to pay for them and meet with Sapnap.

"Well, I got these," George held up the sweatpants and jeans, "But I also got this," George then held up the hoodie Dream had suggested he try out.

Dream beamed at him, grinning stupidly.

"See, I told you that one would look good on you!"

George rolled his eyes up at Dream as they made it to the counter. They paid for their clothes after an argument over who would pay. Dream insisted he would since George had let him stay at his house, to which George scoffed and brushed him off. Dream wouldn't take no for an answer, and much to George's displeasure, Dream ended up paying for both his own and George's clothes.

"Hey guys," Sapnap passed by them on his way to pay, holding a pile of clothing in his arms. Dream trailed after him and started a conversation, most likely to pressure Sapnap into letting him pay for his clothes.

They all walked out of the store laughing about how much Dream spoiled them all.

"Okay, so we are going to a cafe next right?" Dream asked as he began opening the umbrella back up again. The rain was coming down much harder now, the cars passing by made water laying on the street splash into the air. The road glistening with shiny traces of water.

"Oh thank god, I am starving," Sapnap whined, stuffing his new clothes safely in a bag and clutching it tightly to his body. Dream lifted the umbrella above his head and covered the trio as they started to walk out into the rain.

"Yeah, uh, It is just down this street and on the corner," George pointed down the road at a cluster of shops with bright lights warming the gloomy scene. They walked down the street in comfortable silence, enjoying the pouring rain engulfing the city.

They rushed under the overhang outside the cafe, George opened the doors and held them open for the other two men. The moment George set foot inside, he was greeted by the warm scent of pastries and coffee. The heat hugged his body wonderfully.

“Damn, this place smells amazing,” Sapnap sniffed the air hungrily after he shook his hair out.

“I know, I always love coming here when it rains,” George smiled while walking over to a booth on the right side of the store. Dream and Sapnap trailed behind him, looking around the small interior.

“Mmm, now I'm hungry,” Dream sat down across the table from George along with Sapnap. He seemed just as excited about the place as Sapnap did. “How did you even find this place?”

“I was hungry the night I moved here, so I went to the closest place that wasn't just fast food,” George laughed, flagging down the nearest waitress.

She bustled over from a table with a couple young girls sitting at it. Their gazes followed the waitress to George.

“What can I do for you boys?” She smiled sweetly at them, grabbing a pen and notepad from her apron.

“What would you suggest George?” Dream looked at George with an eyebrow raised.

“Uh, I guess I'll get a Caramel Macchiato, and a coffee cake please,” George asked the woman. She nodded and scribbled onto her notepad.

“What about for you two?” She looked across the table at Sapnap and Dream.

“We'll just get what he is getting,” Dream smiled charmingly at the woman, Sapnap nodded in agreement.

“Alright, those will be ready in a couple minutes,” she gave the trio one last smile before walking away to tend to another customer.

George looked back over at the group of girls, they were huddled together whispering. They seemed to keep looking in the direction of George's table.

*Oh no.*

They were definitely fans, it had taken a moment for George to recognise the bright green smiley face hoodie one of them was wearing.

*We are so screwed!* George thought frantically trying to ignore the girls, listening to Dream and Sapnap bicker about something.

Dream still hasn't done a face reveal, and the whole world knew that they had met up now because of Karl's stream. It would be blatantly obvious that the girls would come to the conclusion that the blond freckled man sitting with Sapnap and George would be Dream.

His thoughts were interrupted by the waitress returning with their drinks and cakes.

“Here you go boys, enjoy!”

“Thanks!” Sapnap beamed at her as he grabbed his drink and cake immediately.

Dream shook his head and chuckled while he grabbed his own. Sapnap had already started dipping the cake in his coffee.

“What the hell, who dips their cake in coffee?” Dream asked with disgust tracing his words.

“It’s coffee cake! That’s what it’s for,” Sapnap said through his mouthful of food. George smiled happily at them, deciding to forget about the fans and enjoy his food.

Until one of them walked up to their table.

“Uhm, excuse me, are you Georgenotfound and Sapnap?” she was looking down shyly, the girls behind her were watching intently.

“Uh,” George looked up at her, she seemed super uncomfortable. He honestly felt bad for her.

“Yeah, what's up?” Sapnap looked up at her, mouth still full of food.

“Sorry, for bothering you, my friends and I just wanted to tell you that we are really big fans,” she looked over her shoulder at her friends and glared at them. George laughed and looked over at Dream to see him awkwardly looking down at his food. He seemed uncomfortable.

The girl’s eyes widened when she looked over at the blond in the corner. She seemed to understand who that was and she very quickly moved her eyes away from the table.

“Anyway I’m sorry I-I’ll leave you guys alone,” she muttered before scurrying away back to her table.

Sapnap laughed and wrapped an arm around Dream.

“Man, I guess we just got recognised,” Sapnap chuckled and grabbed his coffee to take a drink from it.

“Yeah,” Dream sighed loudly, running a hand through his hair.

“Are you okay?” George asked quietly.

“Yeah, uh, I’m just going to go take a step outside for a second.”

Sapnap nodded and scooted out of the booth to make room for Dream. He stood up and walked to the exit, the girls watched as he left, muttering amongst themselves again.

“I guess he isn’t used to being recognised,” Sapnap laughed quietly once again while sitting down.

George sighed, biting his lip nervously after taking a sip from his coffee.

“I think he is more just worried that his face will somehow get leaked, even if it's just those girls who saw him,” Sapnap, dipped another piece of coffee cake into his drink.

“You’re right, he’s had people looking for him and his family for ages, I can’t even imagine how scary that is,” George stirred his coffee with a spoon in thought, finding that he isn't hungry anymore. “I’m going to check on him, you can have the rest of my drink,” George pushed his mug away from himself before standing up.

“Okay, good luck,” Sapnap smiled grimly at George, there was something in his voice that said something much more. A certain tone or way he said something that made George smile warmly at him before leaving the shop.

Dream was standing, umbrella in hand, out in the pouring rain. His lips were parted slightly as he observed the city.

George swallowed thickly before leaping from under the overhang to under the umbrella, only getting slightly wet from the journey.

“Hey,” Dream greeted, looking down at George, who was clutching Dream’s hoodie to stay dry.

“Clay,” George looked up at Dream, “are you okay?”

Dream smiled and looked back up at the clouds, the rhythmic pattering of rain on the umbrella became a soothing sound.

“Yeah, I’m okay,” Dream responded shortly, hesitating. They stood in silence for a moment, watching the rain come down around them.

“Are you sure?” George asked, still watching the rain.

“Kind of...” Dream smiled sadly before looking back down at George. “I want people to know what I look like but—I want it to be right, y’know?”

George nodded. He knew Dream had wanted to do a face reveal for a while. It just seemed like he wanted to wait for the right moment.

*Wasn't this the right moment?*

“Why haven’t you shown me your face before?” George looked down at the wet pavement below them, watching his shoes drown in the water pooling at their feet.

“Honestly I don’t know,” Dream sighed, “I guess I was worried you would think I was ugly or hate me.”

“Why the hell would I hate you?” George laughed dryly, “You are the most beautiful person I have ever met! For Christ’s sake, you make angels look hideous.”

Dream stayed silent for a second before laughing as well.

“Really? You think I’m pretty Georgie?” Dream hip bumped George and removed the umbrella from over George’s head slightly, drenching him in rain.

“Hey, move that back!” George yelled as he frantically tried to grab the umbrella from Dream’s hands. Dream chuckled as he moved the umbrella high up into the air, far above George’s reach.

“Nah, I don’t think I will.”

George’s hair was soaking wet and water ran down his face as he frantically reached for the umbrella. After a moment, he was able to hit the umbrella out of Dream’s hand. It fell to the ground, splashing the two in the process.

That was when he realized what position they were in.

George was on his tippy toes, holding one of Dream’s arms to steady himself. One of Dream’s large hands was placed on George’s hip, his other was running through his blond locks.

Dream’s breath warmed George’s face, he could feel his breath hitch.

The blond removed his hand from his hair and he gently brushed under George's chin. George's eyes were locked with the blond's, watching the other's movements breathlessly.

Dream cupped George's face with the same hand and he pulled the brunette closer with the hand on his hips.

"Is this okay?" Dream breathed, mouth parted slightly. George watched a raindrop roll off Dream's lips.

"Yeah."

The gap was filled.

George's eyes fluttered shut, melting in Dream's arms. Dream moved his hand to George's hair and he carded his finger's through the brown strands while pressing their lips together sweetly. George's head was tilted to the side, allowing Dream to deepen the kiss. Electric shocks rocked his body as Dream rubbed loving circles into George's hip.

Water drenched the two as they melted together, umbrella forgotten on the ground. Dream slowly moved his head back, George's lips trying to follow him. He chuckled lightly.

George was breathless in every sense of the word, breath coming out in long, ragged gasps. He opened his eyes and looked up at Dream through his lashes.

Dream smiled and pulled George's hair out of his face.

"I want the world to know you are mine," Dream held George close, the rain seemed to stop falling. For only a mere moment—It was quiet.

"Then I want the world," George whispered.

## Chapter End Notes

We hope you all enjoyed this one. It's kinda all been building up to this, so like... it's kinda big that we made it this far.

Just a warning, the next chapter WILL be smut. If you don't want to read that, you can just skip it because there will be more chapters. We are getting close to the ending. Even we aren't sure when we will officially end it, but it will be coming soon.

Anyway, we hope you all enjoyed this chapter! :)



# Gooley

## Chapter Summary

Dream and George “Celebrate” their shared feelings in the best way possible.

## Chapter Notes

!!!THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS SMUT!!!

Okay, I am incredibly sorry about the long delay on this update! This was only written by me (Bee) since Cherrie didn't feel super comfortable writing smut. I also decided that I hate myself and made this chapter hella long.

Thank you for your patience! I know this took way too long!

Chapter title inspired by the song Gooley by The Glass Animals

This one will be a bumpy ride...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“As adorable as this is, you guys are stupid.”

Dream spun around to face the source of the voice.

Sapnap stood in the doorway of the cafe sipping from his drink with the group of girls watching from behind the glass, their eyes wide in shock.

“Uhm, how much did you see?” Dream smirked at Sapnap as he just shook his head and laughed.

“I saw enough alright.”

George was still clutching Dream's hoodie, hiding from view.

“I already paid for our food, so we can head out,” Sapnap picked up the forgotten umbrella and opened it above his head. “You guys could have at least moved to the other side of the building so that they didn't see you” Sapnap whispered in a lower tone, pointing his thumb behind him signaling the girls.

“Whatever,” Dream chuckled, getting under the umbrella along with George.

“You could have also kept the umbrella up, you are both going to get sick,” they walked down the street, passing by the store they went to originally. Thankfully Sapnap had also grabbed their clothes for him and George.

George walked on the opposite side of Sapnap since the umbrella was so small, but he kept peering at Dream over Sapnap's shoulder. Dream smirked to himself as they walked, pretending to not

notice George's stare.

It didn't take long for them to reach George's flat. They rushed through the door once they made it there. George was shivering violently, hugging himself to keep warm.

"You can take a shower first," Dream looked over at George once they walked through the doorway. "I think you need it more than me."

George nodded and gave Dream a grateful look before running to the bathroom. The sound of a door clicking shut echoed through the hallway, followed by the sound of water running.

"So," Sapnap looked over at Dream with a sly smirk, "looks like you and George have gotten a bit closer."

Dream chuckled as he walked to his room to grab his clothes for his shower.

"I guess so."

Sapnap laughed and shook his head as Dream walked back into the kitchen.

"You are such a simp."

"You are too," Dream glanced over at Sapnap and raised an eyebrow pointedly. Sapnap grinned and flipped Dream the bird before walking up to the oven and checking on the pie.

"Is it done?" Dream asked, the smell of sweet apple and cinnamon invading his nose.

"Yes, and it smells so good..." Sapnap said, wetting his lips slightly as he set the pie down on the counter. "So tell me, what happened with you and George out there?"

Dream could feel his face light up with a broad smile.

"Well, he came to check on me I guess, and..." Dream stuttered, scratching the side of his face, "I don't know, at the moment we just...kissed" His cheeks warmed up with the thought of remembering the moment he and the British man had shared.

Sapnap leaned forward on the counter, giggling like a schoolgirl.

"George and Dream sitting in a tree...K-I-S-S-I-N-G! First comes a-" Sapnap sang teasingly before Dream swung an arm forward to try and hit him, making the Texan scream and leap away from the counter.

"What are you five? What if George hears you!" Dream whispered in a concerned voice. Sapnap smirked in response.

"Honestly, I think you two are way past kissing, you were basically eating each other's faces off," Sapnap scrunched his nose up in mock disgust. Dream grimaced and elbowed Sapnap before the man walked back over to inspect the pie.

"You disgust me," Dream rolled his eyes and sat down on the couch.

"Says the guy who just made out with his best friend," Sapnap retorted while waving the steam away from the pie.

Dream smiled to himself. It appears that George reciprocated his feelings, which was fantastic, but what were they?

Dream needed to be realistic. He and Sapnap would be going back to their homes in a couple of days, and George lived all the way across the sea. Would they just pretend the kiss never happened and go on with their lives? Or would they stay on calls together late into the night, whispering sweet praises into each other's ears?

The thought made Dream's stomach flip.

He groaned and ran his fingers through his hair, laying down on the couch.

The only problem with them continuing the relationship is what could happen if something went wrong. The idea of a bad breakup loomed over Dream's head darkly.

Sure, Dream had had girlfriends before, and the relationships were wonderful until the end, but the idea of destroying the great friendship they have now would be devastating.

He couldn't imagine a life without George.

His head throbbed uncomfortably as he continued to ponder on what they are—what they could be.

He needed to stop thinking so much or else he would get a migraine.

"The shower is ready Clay."

Swam back to the surface of his thoughts, taking deep lungfuls of air. George looked heavenly. His hair was wet and messy, dripping water down his forehead. A towel clung to his hips deliciously, leaving little to the imagination.

Dream had to mentally will himself to respond.

"Uh, okay," he stood up on wobbly legs and grabbed the towel and change of clothes on the coffee table before walking past George to the bathroom.

Dream took a cold shower to calm himself down and to tame his searing headache. The cold water slid down Dream's skin making him shiver.

*I want that to happen again.* Dream thought in his head, making a fist at his side. He could remember how small George looked in the moment, compared to himself who was seemingly taller and larger.

*Could this work? Would we work?* The blond shampooed his hair, digging his nails into his scalp accidentally from frustration.

The massaging of his own hands eased his headache slightly, but the throbbing continued.

He sighed in defeat after standing in the shower for another minute, letting the cold water run down his body. After running his hands through his hair again he turned off the shower and dried himself off.

Dream stepped out of the bathroom fully clothed not very long after. He walked down the hallway, passing by a window. The rain continued to pour down, trickling on the wet pavement, forming small ponds in the road. A tree outside the window rustled in the breeze. The glistening leaves fluttered hopefully, green edges feebly moving in time with the rain.

Dream smiled to himself, finding clarity in watching the peaceful scene in front of him.

George reciprocates his feelings.

*So what?* He was going to enjoy the time he had with his friends, and bask in the afterglow of confessions instead of letting his worry's infiltrate his mind. Dream was just going to let the rain fall. There was no controlling nature anyway.

He walked back into the kitchen to see Sapnap cutting into the pie, George standing next to him with a plate.

"Took you long enough," George grinned at Dream while walking away from Sapnap, plate filled with two large pieces of pie.

Dream smirked down at the brunette as they walked past each other again, feeling the ghost of George's hand briefly on Dream's arm as he passed.

The blond shivered and walked up to Sapnap as well, grabbing a plate from the cupboard.

"So, George and I were thinking that we could all eat our pie and watch a movie," Sapnap grinned at Dream while cutting him a slice of pie. Dream licked his lips hungrily and skipped back to the couch once he had been served.

George held the remote in his hand and scrolled through Netflix, looking for something good.

"I barely recognize any of these," Sapnap sat down next to Dream with his own plate and squinted at the TV.

"Yeah, because England has different shows, idiot, that's why VPNs exist," George scoffed and pulled up some random show. "Literally the other day you were ogling all the British shows, and now you don't want to watch any???"

"I don't care, I just want this pie to be down my throat," Dream grinned as he stuffed his face with a mouthful of the delicious tasting pie. Instantly, a rich taste of apple mixed with sweet warm cinnamon reached his taste buds. His eyes smiled softly.

"Jeez, are my cooking skills really that amazing?" Sapnap laughed, looking at Dream and picking up a spoonful.

George chewed his bite thoughtfully

"It's amazing!"

"I guess my quarantine baking habit paid off," Sapnap chuckled.

Dream smiled and took another bite of the pie before looking back at the TV, deciding to just enjoy the movie and eat his pie. Dream was slowly getting desensitized to the British accent. Sure, some words were still hilarious, which Dream and Sapnap would make fun of endlessly, but other words were becoming increasingly normal as time went on.

The silly dramatics of the movie was more the reason why the trio was spluttering on their pie. It was refreshing just to sit on the couch with his friends in comfortable silence. The constant pittering of rain in the background increasingly relaxed the friends, consciousness slipping away slowly.

Dream drifted aimlessly, lingering on the verge of consciousness. He dreamlessly dozed, the movie lost to all thought.

Dream awoke suddenly to the crash of lightning. Thunderstorms didn't bother him all that much since he lived in Florida, but the loud noise still awakened him. Sapnap groaned to his right, sitting up and rubbing the sleep out of his eyes to squint at the TV.

"Jesus, what was that?" Sapnap stood up slowly and stretched. George lifted his head off a pillow, his brown hair messy.

"Thunder," Dream responded shortly while sitting up.

Sapnap grabbed his phone from his back pocket and checked the time through tired eyes.

"I'm going to bed," Sapnap grunted before pushing an empty plate off his chest and walking down the hallway to his room. The sound of a door closing could be heard after a moment, and then it was silent.

The quiet was deafening as the two men were left sitting on the couch. Dream was suddenly very awake and hyper-aware of George's presence.

"Are you tired?" George asked after a moment, looking over at Dream. He swallowed thickly and ran his fingers through his hair nervously. Eyes flickering between George and anything else's in the room.

"No, not really anymore," Dream smiled awkwardly and then made direct eye contact with George. His eyes held something dangerous and dark. He couldn't place his finger on what it was.

George grabbed the remote and turned off the TV, engulfing the room in a soft blanket of darkness. The faint flickering of lighting from outside was the only thing illuminating the two.

"So, did you like the movie?" George asked nonchalantly, his eyes intently staring at the other man.

"Yeah, I guess," Dream's mind was fogging, focusing only on the slowly closing distance between the two.

"How about you?" Dream asked, voice lowering an octave.

"I liked it," George muttered, looking up at Dream. They were close now, so very close. He could feel George's breath against his chin.

Dream smiled down at the man, his hand brushing over George's hip slowly and brushing it up to George's side. He pressed up, dragging the other's shirt up along with him.

George gasped quietly, shivering as Dream's fingertips grazed his skin.

"You like this?" Dream asked under his breath, pressing his lips softly against George's jaw and traced his hands up his torso and up to his shirt.

"Please..."

"Hm?" Dream murmured and nibbled lightly at George's earlobe, producing another gasp from the Brit. Dream's large hands traced gentle circles into George's back. "Use your words, Georgie."

"Shut up, you know what I want," George breathed out while slowly lying back against the pillows.

"I won't know unless you say it," Dream trailed his hands back down George, catching on his

waistband teasingly and passing over it. George bit his lip and glared up at Dream, lightning illuminating his flushed face perfectly.

“God, I hate you.”

Dream hummed thoughtfully before grazing his teeth along George’s neck in retaliation, George squirmed under Dream’s grip and pressed his head against the pillows, covering his mouth with his hand.

“Let me hear your pretty noises,” Dream grunted unhappily as he pushed George’s hand away from his mouth. George panted while the other man began to trail kisses down his throat.

“C’mon, just a couple words,” Dream paused and looked back at George expectantly. The Brit glared up at him again, frustration evident on his flushed face. He was dazed, eyes fogged with lust.

*It was the hottest sight Dream had ever seen.*

“Jesus Christ, you are such a tease,” George ground through his teeth. Dream sucked dark marks into the other’s neck, turning the skin lovely shades of purple. “What will it take, for you to fuck me?”

Dream looked up again, a mischievous smirk occupied his face. George grimaced, shrinking back at the predatory gaze.

“All you need to do is ask.”

Dream went back to sucking love bites into George’s neck, searching for the place that would make him beg.

George suddenly whimpered when Dream grazed a place on the side of his neck. Dream grinned in victory and sucked.

“Oh my god, just fuck me-,” George pleaded quietly, hands gripping at Dream’s hair and tugging.

Dream removed himself from George’s neck and suddenly stood up. George looked up at him surprised for a moment before Dream bent down and wrapped his arms around George’s waist and hoisted him up.

George wrapped his legs around Dream’s waist and tangled his hands in his hair.

Dream quickly moved them to George's bedroom, mentally thanking his younger self for playing football.

He pinned George down on the bed softly and pressed his lips to the other man’s. He took his time and mapped out everything about George’s lips.

George tasted sweet, with the trace of apple pie from earlier. His blush lips partially bitten and pleurably rough. Dream quickly deepened the kiss, twisting it from soft and loving to rough and demanding.

Dream trailed his hands upward again, tugging George’s shirt up. He lowered his knee in between George’s legs and pressed upward.

George gasped into the kiss and clutched Dream’s t-shirt sleeve, twisting the fabric in his small

fingers.

“You are doing so good for me,” Dream pulled away and moved a hand to George’s thigh.

George sighed and melted under Dream’s grip. He looked desperate, hair beginning to stick to his forehead.

“Hmm, you like praise?” Dream smirked and leaned down for another kiss.

*George was his. All his.*

Dream sat up and quickly tore his own shirt off along with George’s. The smaller man gasped at the sudden cold that hit his body. Dream ran his fingers along his ribs. George licked his lips.

“Oh my god Clay,” He closed his eyes and laid back, enjoying the feeling of Dream’s touch.

Something visibly snapped in him and awkwardly flipped their position. George yelped as Dream set himself below George, leaving the other man’s thighs straddling Dream’s waist.

George shuffled on the spot accidentally, causing a loud moan to escape from them both. The constricting material of George’s new jeans and his own faded ones was so very uncomfortable. Dream ached to be touched or stimulated.

“George please,” Dream gasped after catching his breath, looking up at the flushed man. George bit his lip, brown iris catching his own briefly before he ground his hips down onto Dream’s.

They both let out a cry of relief. Dream grabbed George’s hips and ground up into him while he ground down, rolling their hips in a synchronized rhythm. George leaned down and captured Dream’s lips with his own while continuing to roll their hips together.

Dream suddenly flipped them once again, pinning George down on the bed. George looked up at him, silently pleading for more.

“I’m going to prep you okay?” Dream ran a hand through George’s hair, pulling it away from his face. “Do you have—”

“In the drawer,” George cut Dream off and pointed to a drawer on his nightstand. Dream nodded and leaned over to dig through the drawer. He found what he was looking for and moved back on top of George.

He unbuttoned and unzipped George’s jeans sickeningly slowly, drawing out a noise from the other man every time his finger would accidentally shift along with the boxers underneath.

George shuffled impatiently out from his jeans and began to tug at the blond’s as well. Dream chuckled after throwing the British’s pants off somewhere to the side.

“Patience young one...” Dream laughed and just kept working on removing the rest of George’s clothes.

“Ugh, why did you have to say that? And I’m older than you!” George groaned, laying back down onto the pillows as Dream pulled his boxers off.

Dream snickered and paused to catch his breath as he stared down at George.

George shivered under his gaze and gasped at the sudden relief from the tightness of his boxers.

Dream opened the bottle he grabbed from the drawer with a click. He quickly applied some of the substance to his fingers before setting the bottle down on the nightstand.

Dream trailed his clean hand softly along George's thigh before lifting his leg over his shoulder. The brunette gripped the sheets underneath him and waited with bated breath for Dream to do something.

Dream carefully he pushed one digit in and raised an eyebrow. He laughed and looked down at the glaring shorter man below him.

"Jesus George, you are already stretched?" George rolled his eyes and huffed.

"Yeah, well that kiss earlier was good, okay."

Dream snorted and pressed his lips to George's neck before plunging in another two fingers into George.

A yell of shock was let out by George as he threw his head back, rolling his hips up to meet Dream's hand. He let out a string of illegible curses under his breath.

"H-Holy shit! Was I not prepared enough already?" George gasped out, scrambling for purchase on the warm sheets below them.

"I don't want to hurt you, Georgie," Dream laughed softly.

Dream moved back suddenly, removing his fingers entirely. His gaze darkened severely as he looked down at the man below him. George looked completely wrecked, and the hardest part had barely begun. His hair stuck to his forehead, eyes glazed with lust, his tip flushed a bright pink color.

He unzipped his fly hurriedly and took his boxers and jeans off in one movement. He towered over the small brown-haired man, the size difference was astonishing.

Dream licked his lips hungrily before turning to the bedside table to grab a condom and tear it open. He carefully put it on before grabbing a bit more lube as well.

"You ready?" Dream asked, still putting up his cocky persona, but showing slight undertones of worry in his eyes.

George smiled up at him warmly for a moment before snapping quickly back into character.

"Hell yeah, now hurry up already."

Dream took that as an okay, carefully pushing himself inside. George held the sheets tighter in between his fingers and became rigid. He paused after a moment, waiting for the man beneath him to relax beneath his grip.

George's felt addictive, it took everything in Dream's power to not start moving at that moment.

It was only a couple of moments until George looked up at Dream and nodded. Dream began moving, gently moving his hips back before pressing back into George.

It was a heavenly feeling, being so close to the other man. A man he has loved for so long.

Here he was, with the famous GeorgeNotFound below him, begging for more. Dream felt like he had just accomplished the impossible.



George was a mess, letting out short strings of curses in between moans. Dream was still moving gently, taking his time unraveling the man beneath him.

“H-harder, please C-clay,” George whined, looking up pleadingly at Dream with those hazy eyes.

Dream slowed shortly, readjusting George’s leg on his shoulder in preparation.

He suddenly thrust himself back into George, ravaging the smaller. George’s hands flew up into Dream’s hair, gripping the blond locks in a vise-like grip.

Dream tugged George’s hands from his hair and pinned them with one hand against the mattress. George arched his back off the sheets in pleasure, mouth open in a silent moan.

Dream pressed his left thumb to George’s lips, silently ordering George what to do.

George bit Dream’s thumb lightly before taking it into his mouth. They made eye contact for a moment before Dream made a rougher thrust into him. George’s eyes rolled back erotically and he let out a whimper past Dream’s thumb.

“You are doing so good George,” Dream praised, pulling his thumb out of George’s mouth and resting it on his lower lip. “Just for me, all mine.”

George uttered out noises that sounded something like Dream’s name. Dream was lost to the intoxicating feeling, mindlessly ramming into the man below him.

Soon, Dream’s thrusts became sloppy, looking for what would send him over the edge.

“I’m so close,” George whispered through his gasps.

“Please Clay.”

That was all he needed.

Dream buried himself deep inside George, abusing his prostate as he climaxed. He groaned before leaning down to capture George’s lips with his own.

George’s hips stuttered, white liquid dripped from his leaking cock. Dream released his hands from his grip. George ran his fingers through Dream’s hair slowly, tugging at the blond locks lovingly.

Dream slowly unlatched George’s leg from his shoulder and pulled himself out. Laying down beside him, sprawling out on the sheets.

“I’m a mess,” George’s voice was raspy, eyes still glazed over in the afterglow of his orgasm.

“I will deal with it in the morning,” Dream smiled sleepily, wrapping an arm around George and pulling him closer.

“Hm, more work for you then,” George hummed before closing his eyes.

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter was kinda all over the place. I deeply apologize for a lot of weird inconsistencies and poor writing. I am super mentally drained from writing this

chapter alone, and I constantly had to take short breaks.

Thank you to everyone who has made it this far. I hope this chapter was all you hoped it would be.

# Tongue Tied

## Chapter Summary

George and Dream have a nice relaxing day together. Oh yeah and Sapnap is here too.

## Chapter Notes

Howdy!

Okay.... So basically, we are so incredibly sorry about the wait. We took a long hiatus to de stress and to- no who am I kidding, we were just lazy. Anyway, we am so happy to present to you all the final chapter of this little fanfic we made. We are so happy to give you all some sweet-sweet content. We have a pretty big announcement at the end of the chapter, so check that out before you forget about this monstrosity of a story!

Thank you all for your support!

Chapter is based off the song Tongue Tied by Grouplove

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George sighed happily, nuzzling closer to the warmth that encased him. The faint pitter patter of rain fuzzed quietly in the back of George's mind. He moved a hand to run up the warmth and comb through soft locks. A pleased hum was emitted by the warmth, and a large hand drew soft circles into George's back.

*Wait.*

George slowly opened his eyes to stare up at the man wrapped around him.

Dream's face was softened in sleep, lips parted slightly in sleep induced bliss. His dirty-blond locks were disheveled and the subtle rise and fall of his chest continued leisurely. George flushed brightly as he recalled the events of the previous night.

George tried to untangle himself from Dream so he could reach his phone and check the time. His efforts were quickly thwarted when the blond's eyes opened.

Dream looked at George for a moment before a smirk quickly made itself at home on his lips. He gripped George's waist to keep the other in place.

"Good mornin' Georgie," Dream rasped, his voice gravelly with disuse.

George bit his lip softly and mentally willed himself to not faint. Sure, George had heard Dream's morning voice before, but it was a significantly different feeling when he muttered it into his ear, wrapped in the sheets together.

George rolled his eyes before looking back up at Dream's face. A trace of something sweet

flickered behind Dream's eyes briefly, gaze softening as the two made eye contact.

"How'd you sleep, Clay?" George whispered softly, breaking the silence between them as they stared at each other. The blond smiled as he raised his hand up to George's face, his index finger trailing along the brunette's jawline.

"Good. What about you? Are you sore at all?" Dream smiled softly, stopping his finger at George's chin.

"I mean, yeah kinda...but I bet you aren't at all huh?" George huffed. Dream chuckled in response and brought their faces closer together.

"I'm sorry, if you want you can stay in bed today if you're sore,"

"What? No! It's only a little, I can still move though, here wait," George paused as he lifted the sheets off of himself and got up from the bed. His legs wobbling slightly in response as he stood up, making Dream wheeze.

"I'm fine, shut up," George muttered with a hint of blush on his cheeks from embarrassment. He stood for a moment before he was grabbed by the wrist by Dream and tugged back down onto the bed.

"I don't think so, you are going to lay here until you feel better," Dream pulled George back into his grip, encasing him once more in warmth.

"Hey! I am perfectly capable of standing!" George spluttered before being muffled by the sheets.

"Nope."

"Yes," George grumbled, shuffling to face Dream's grinning face.

"Are you sure?" Dream snaked an arm around George's torso.

"Yeah, besides what about Sapnap?" George added as he gripped Dream's arm.

"Shit. I forgot about him, we should go make him some breakfast," Dream paused, unlatching his arm and standing up slowly, "...you know because what if he heard us yester-"

"He's all the way across the hall and he's a pretty heavy sleeper. What are the odds he heard us?" George shifted to sit up again in bed.

"Right. But like, you were *pretty loud*. Id give it a 99% chance." Dream admitted with a sly look on his face. George furrowed his eyebrows and rolled his eyes.

*I was not.* George thought to himself stubbornly. The brunette carefully stood up and had Dream follow him to the bathroom to clean up.

Once they changed into fresh clothes, they decided to try their luck and go make some breakfast.

George cautiously opened the doorway in an effort to not wake up Sapnap and quickly moved out into the hallway, walking towards the kitchen and living area.

"Wow, I thought you two would never wake up,"

George spun around to face the couch and the owner of the voice. Sapnap was lazily lying on the

couch eating a bowl of cereal. He made eye contact momentarily before rolling his eyes and looking away.

“You’re both gross,” he sighed before looking back at the look of horror on his friends face.

“How much did you hear?” Dream asked nervously.

“You guys are lucky I didn’t actually hear anything since I am a heavy sleeper,” Sapnap smirked evilly before standing up to wash out his bowl. “You two should really try and be less obvious though. Just look at George, his face says it all!”

George flushed with embarrassment, chewing his lip anxiously.

George felt like he was on cloud nine. He felt giddy with relief at the knowledge that Dream did reciprocate his feelings. The idea would have been preposterous merely two days ago.

*What changed? Was it the moment outside the coffee shop — did the lightning above our heads spark and ignite something blazing with warmth?*

Or had this been happening for years? Every hushed conversation on call in the early hours caused a warm feeling in George’s gut. Every sweet bit of praise muttered through a microphone. Were the silly flirtatious comments thrown between the two starting to grow from fiction to fact?

The more George thought about it, the longer this “sudden affection” seemed to go on. Was that why every partner he has had within the past couple years has either blond hair, or green eyes, or freckles—or some combination of the traits? Was that why his many attempts at dating ended quickly after his partner met Dream?

“Hey Sapnap, how long have we liked each other?” George asked, watching as Sapnap turned to face him.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean Dream and I. How long did we like each other for?” George looked down at his hands awkwardly, flushing slightly.

Sapnap stood there for a moment and fiddled with his hoodie string. Dream walked past Sapnap to grab a glass from the cabinet and fill it up.

“Hm, I would say probably since like two years ago,” Sapnap commented more to himself than George.

“What? That long?” George squinted skeptically at Sapnap. The brunette shrugged and looked back at George mischievously.

“Ever since that call, you two have never been the same.”

*A call? 2 years ago? In August?*

George had just gone through a bad breakup at the time. He shut himself away for a couple weeks, not talking to any of his friends in the real world or online. George had always not been good at expressing his feelings, both Dream and Sapnap knew that. For the first couple of days, his friends left him alone to sort himself out, but after a while Dream got concerned.

Dream called him one night, two weeks after the breakup. They just talked about random things,

distracting George from his problems for a couple hours. It made George feel something more than gloom for the first time in two weeks. He had stayed on that call with Dream until the early hours of the morning.

So, maybe Sapnap wasn't *completely* wrong. George has always had a certain soft spot for Dream. Though he didn't know *why* - or *how* he managed to develop it.

"Sapnap, I didn't know you kept track of how long it's been," Dream added before chugging some of the water in his cup. "Kinda creepy..."

"Shut up. At least I'm not the one who did 'the deed' while their friend was in the same fucking house!" Sapnap yelled, his hands flailing around uselessly in some effort to make a point.

It was silent for a moment, Sapnap's eyes started watering trying to keep it in.

They all burst out laughing hysterically, Dream's wheezes mixing happily with Sapnap's full belly laugh.

"Whatever, what are we doing today?" Sapnap asked, pulling himself together once the laughter died down.

"Uh, I don't know. We've only planned so much that I think we ran out of ideas..." George paused, looking towards Dream who was just finishing his water. Dream glanced back and choked on his drink as he was distracted.

Droplets of water slipped down from his soft pink lips down to his chin.

"Uhm," George watched as Dream wiped his lips, yellow meeting brown eyes for a moment.

"How about we call Karl and Quackity and mess around on minecraft for a bit?" Dream asked after tearing his gaze away from George. "I am pretty sure Quackity will be streaming jack box."

Sapnap seemed pleased, grinning in excitement and skipped to his room to get the call up and running.

"Perfect! I'll get a call started!" he yelled over his shoulder before disappearing down the hallway.

Dream smirked over at George for a moment before leaning back on the counter, running a hand through his hair. They stood in silence for a moment, although it wasn't awkward. George felt comfortable just standing there, the knowledge of Dream's presence being enough to calm his nerves.

George smiled softly to himself before speaking out loud,

"Sapnap is so obvious,"

"What do you mean?" Dream asked, setting down his cup on the counter.

"It's so obvious Sapnap *interested* in Karl," George whispered as he began, "didn't you just see his smile? He was grinning like an idiot! That's the type of smile someone gives when they're in—"

"—In love?" Dream interrupted, looking up down at George with a soft look. The brunette immediately felt his cheeks fill up with warmth from the realization. Dream and him too had shared that same smile.

*That stare. Stop. It's not fair.*

“Yeah, love. That’s what I meant, you saw it too though right?” George added after a moment. The British boy desperately wanted to avoid the sensitive topic, even though Dream felt the same way, sometimes he couldn’t help but feel a weird sensation talking about...their *feelings*.

“Nick had already told me,” He revealed, it seemed like he also wasn’t too comfortable yet to talk about their situation. “Sorry I didn’t tell you, I just didn’t know if he would’ve wanted me to,”

“Don’t worry about it. Now that I think about it, you didn’t even have to tell me,” George laughed, “It’s pretty obvious. They’re always so giggly and all *lovey dovey* around each other!”

“Right? Even I don’t laugh that much at Sapnap’s weird jokes. Karl on the other hand...well you know,” Dream chuckled, his emerald eyes grinned along with the rest of his face.

“They’re kind of meant for each other, they just fit so— well,” George sighed, raising his gaze to the ceiling.

Dream hummed thoughtfully, eyes meeting George’s again with that same soft look. A thick warmth filled George’s gut when their eyes met.

Dream stepped forward cautiously, asking permission for something unexplainable. George nodded slightly before being quickly wrapped in warm arms.

George sighed happily and became putty in Dream’s arms. The blond placed a gentle kiss on George’s forehead.

“Clay,” George sighed as his hands grasped the blonde’s shirt from the back.

“You make me so happy George, I hope you know that,” Dream whispered in response, George felt the weight of Dream’s head resting on his shoulder.

The British boy’s cheeks burned.

*Why are you so fucking sweet?*

“God, you are such a simp,” George snapped before burying his head back into Dream’s chest. George could feel Dream’s chest shake with restrained laughter before he let out a long wheeze.

“Oh come on now. You simp for me too, just admit it Gogy,” Dream retaliated as he combed his fingers through George’s hair.

“Ew, I hate that name,”

“I know, that’s why I like it so much.”

“Can you guys stop simping and get your gay asses in here!” Sapnap yelled from the other room.

“Okay, we’re coming!” Dream shouted back before prying his arms off George.

“Ugh, you didn’t have to tell me that Dream,” Sapnap groaned with disgust as Dream and George made their way into Sapnap’s room.

George smiled to himself as he remembered the hypocrisy of Sapnap’s words. He was also a simp, through and through.

Dream and George watched as Sapnap pressed the *Start call* button, his face changed from

boredom to excitement.

“What a simp,” George muttered under his breath. Sapnap shoved the chair back slightly to hit George in response. “Ow! Sapnap what the-“

“Hi Karl! How are you?” Sapnap spoke loudly to drown out George’s whining. Dream wheezed quietly with his hand over his mouth.

“I am popping off right now dude,” Karl yelled before typing something violently.

George watched as Sapnap’s grin grew before replying something stupid.

“Dream, we really gotta get them together,” George sighed loud enough for the viewers to hear. Dream hummed thoughtfully in agreement before Sapnap grabbed a can on the desk and chucked it over his shoulder at the two behind him.

“Sapnap! Karlos! Are you guys gonna join the Jack box or not?” Quackity asked, “The stream can hear you by the way...”

“Right, uh where’s the code?” Sapnap asked as he clicked off the call to check the discord chat.

“It’s right there you idiot,” George pointed to the screen. Sapnap pushed his hand off and joined.

“Wait wait, this is fucking cheating you can’t all be on the same computer!” Quackity whined as the entire call giggled.

“I’ll join on my phone,” Dream added as he looked towards George to encourage him to do the same.

“Okay chat, we’re gonna pop off! LET’S POP OFF!” Quackity yelled while speaking to chat. George typed his username in, and hit join.

*Orgenotfound.*

George scanned the list of players and found one that particularly caught his eye.

*DNFshipper*

“Okay what the fuck, who put that? Which one of you did that?” Quackity yelled with laughter as he showed the stream the name.

George facepalmed with embarrassment, he looked over to Dream who was clearly holding back his laughter within him.

“Wait was that you?!” George blurted out as he reached his hands to grab Dream’s phone. Dream pulled back and began wheezing.

“No way?!” Karl laughed loudly as Quackity’s stream calmed down from the heat of the moment.

“They’re just being simps,” Sapnap sighed, obviously desensitized to Dream and George’s antics.

“As per usual?” Karl teased before taking a swig from his water bottle.

George spluttered angrily after he gave up on reprimanding Dream, who just continued his coughing fit.



“Yeah well, we all know Sapnap is Karlnap’s #1 shipper, so don’t throw stones at glass houses.”

“GEORGE!” Sapnap screeched angrily, turning around his chair with his eyebrows furrowed.

“I am too! Sapnap and I are engaged after all,” Karl interrupted, Sapnap turned back around with a surprised look.

“W-Well yeah I mean uh-“

“What the fuck Karl? I’m engaged to you guys too! Don’t just leave me out like that bro,” Quackity whined.

“You guys should meet up,” Dream suggested as he got closer to the monitor while leaning on Sapnap’s chair.

“Yeah! I wanna meet up Sapnap,” Karl continued, “I could fly you out to North Carolina or something,”

Sapnap turned to George and Dream with a glow in his eyes. George could tell Sapnap’s heart was probably racing in that moment with excitement.

“Sure, can we talk after stream Karl?” Sapnap asked with a wide smile and excitement in his eyes.

“Of course! We should all play Jack box now, I think Quackity is a little mad...” Karl responded with his classic giggle.

“I fucking hate it here. I’m starting the game now,” Quackity announced with a laugh.

“What’s wrong Quackity, cat got your tongue?” George snickered quietly. Dream basically deflated beside him. After a moment of recollecting himself, Dream leaned down next to George’s ear and muttered softly.

“Come on, we both know I make you *tongue tied* .”

## Chapter End Notes

Alright, we are both happy to announce that we are working on a sequel! It isn't even in the works yet, and we aren't even sure if we will write it. It will be a KarlNap spinoff because we crave different stuff. Let us know if you have any interest because your angry comments whisking for more gives us the push we need to actually work on this stuff. Peer pressure am I right? (Clearly didn't happen)

I (Sunno/Bee) will be working on a bunch of future Dnf things, so I guess you can look forward to that if you want. Cherry may upload something once in a while, but honestly I'm not to sure. (Hah, that never happened either...whoops)

We want to individually thank all of you for all the sweet comments, kudos, and bookmarks you have given this piece of junk.

We love you all!

(Hello, Yes I am still alive for those who care! I just came back to fix some things in some of the chapters because it was BAD. Thanks for all of your continued love after all this time. I don't think we will be making the Karl and Sapnap spin-off because it has been a long ass time, but I may be writing some stuff soon on the Sunno account. I love you all! Ty!!!)

-2022 Bee

## End Notes

Constructive criticism is welcome just don't be rude :')

Idk what to say anymore so thanks for reading!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!